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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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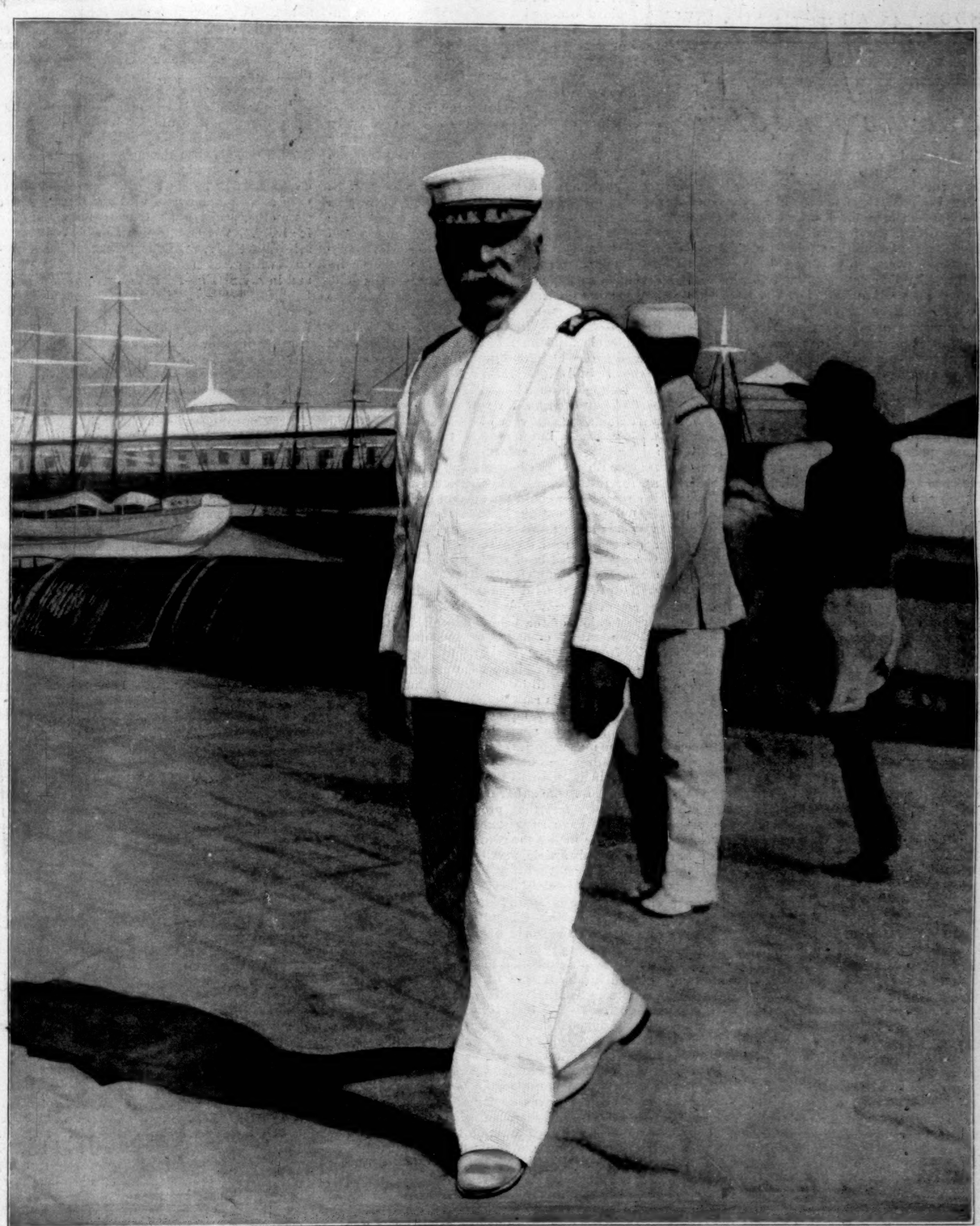

ADMIRAL DEWEY AT MANILA—A VISIT TO THE OFFICE OF THE CAPTAIN OF THE PORT.

PHOTOGRAPH BY WILLIAM DINWIDDIE, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY" IN THE PHILIPPINES.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(*TWENTY-FOUR PAGES*)

NEW YORK CITY, JULY 1, 1899

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Arbitration at the Hague

IT has been discovered by the members of the peace conference at the Hague that their meeting is more serious than they were at first inclined to suspect. The fact is that rational men, cynical or otherwise, cannot even go through the form of discussion without accomplishing something, especially when the subject under consideration is of such a character as that which the Tsar has presented to the world. A great moral problem is before the conference. It concerns the methods which may be devised for the accomplishment of an object which all mankind admits to be good. In the way of this accomplishment stand the passions, jealousies, ambitions, and ancient grudges and hates of states. The people themselves hardly realize the extent and depth of their own evil passions, and it is well that they should be enlightened.

Probably the vast majority of men whose countries are neutral during a war are convinced that the fighting powers ought to have avoided the resort to arms, and are horrified by the brutality of the exhibition, and resentful of the losses and disturbances which are the universal consequences of war. In personal affairs, including those of the social and industrial as well as of the domestic relations, physical strife has disappeared, while the more obvious and natural the control of reason and the more completely suppressed the evil passion of anger, the more advanced is civilization. Civilization is waiting for one more important step—the greatest in some respects that humanity has ever taken, and yet one that is the logical outcome of the development of reason and the suppression of brutishness. It is this step which the conference at the Hague has under discussion.

Four weeks ago hardly any one of the resident diplomats at the Hague believed that anything serious would be accomplished by the conference. Not only was the official, or diplomatic, atmosphere unfriendly, but the social atmosphere of the Dutch capital was decidedly cold, owing to the failure to invite the South African Republic, which is dear to the Dutch heart. A fresh breeze came into the councils of the conference, however, almost before the day of the meeting, and we are glad to say that it came from our side of the Atlantic. The American members, and especially Mr. SETH LOW, took to the Hague not only the hope but a confident expectation that the conference was to be of importance, and that something would be accomplished by it which would mark it as an epoch-maker in the history of civilization. Mr. LOW will have an able and sympathetic and a wise support from Mr. ANDREW D. WHITE and from Mr. NEWELL, our minister at the Hague. We say nothing of Captain MAHAN and Captain CROZIER, because up to this point, at least, the naval and military members of the conference are not expected to count for much in its most important work. No sooner did the members of the conference get together than it was discovered that the American and British delegates were in earnest in their purpose to secure the adoption of the principle that it is the duty of disputing nations to arbitrate their differences before resorting to war, and of some definite method of procedure for beginning and carrying on an arbitration proceeding. Then a Russian proposal as to arbitration was brought forward, and another by Count NIGRA, an Italian delegate.

Considering the terms of the Tsar's invitation, the Russian proposal is something of a disappointment. It lacks definiteness and force. It is, in effect, a mere suggestion that it is the duty of nations to refrain from war and to resort to arbitration, except, apparently, where "the honor" or the "vital interests" of either of the contending powers may be involved. Honor and vital interests are shadowy things in the hands of statesmen bent on gaining their point. For example, there is no doubt that Russia herself would find that her honor or her vital interests were involved in any dispute that might arise between herself and England over the relations of the two in China or Afghanistan. Nevertheless, the plan would make arbitration obligatory in comparatively unimportant matters, such as questions of damages to be awarded in cases where a wrong or an injury had been clearly committed, and the adoption of this principle alone would mark progress, although to a too small extent.

THE American and British delegations are inclined to unite on a plan which will be mainly that prepared by the Americans, the details of which are already known to the readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY. The establishment of a permanent tribunal, to which it will be the duty of disputing nations to resort in all cases, although of course no compulsion can be exerted upon either of them by outside powers, would be a much more radical step than that suggested by the Russians. When it is added that this tribunal is not to render its decision until both parties to the dispute agree to regard it as final, it will be seen at once that the adoption of such a plan would make enormously for the permanent peace of the world. Still another enormous gain would result from the adoption of the American suggestion that the rules governing duels between individuals, so far as they relate to the seconds, should be applied to international difficulties, each party to the dispute choosing a neutral nation to represent it, the first duty of these seconds being to arrange an amicable adjustment of the quarrel. Their right to mediate from time to time, in case of the failure of the original effort, is also recognized, so that they may intimate after a battle, or after any number of battles, that the time for peace has arrived. This plan would not only be of great advantage to the weaker power, but it would tend to discourage strong powers from entering into wars, from which they could not possibly reap such material gains as, for instance, Germany extorted from France. A strong power could not sustain itself in the public opinion of nations if it insisted on continuing a war against a power demonstrated to be weaker, after the neutral seconds had declared that the weak power had been sufficiently punished, or the strong power sufficiently avenged, and that the welfare of nations demanded that the war should be concluded. War would also be discouraged by the adoption of the principle of arbitrating as to the amount of damages or indemnity to be exacted from the conquered by the conqueror. Under international law as it exists at present the amount of the fine imposed by the victor is limited only by the extent of his rapacity and the capacity or desperation of the vanquished. When the fine is to be imposed by neutral powers, who will always have the uncertainties of their own future in mind, war will become onerous and expensive to all who engage in it—both to those who gain the victory and to those who suffer defeat.

The very fact that propositions such as these which we have suggested are under discussion at the Hague makes the conference, as we said at the outset of this article, much more serious than some of the delegates were at first inclined to suspect it to be. The powers, through their representatives, are seriously discussing international arbitration as something desirable, admitting that war is an evil, from which the world ought to escape, and assuming that the only questions are as to procedure, and as to the questions that may be omitted from or included in any scheme of arbitration that may be adopted. That, after this, arbitration will be more often resorted to than it has been in the past cannot be doubted. And this is true whether the conference succeeds or fails in agreeing on a plan. In other words, arbitration has become popular, and no government, except perhaps Russia or Turkey, can afford to be unpopular.

We ought to add that the American and British delegates were right in refusing to vote for a regulation against expanding bullets, or for the restriction of improvements in rifles and artillery. So long as war is to exist, the progressive nations should not bind themselves not to take advantage of their inventive talent. One reason for this assemblage at the Hague is the destructive character of modern war with modern arms. The perspective horrors of battle have hastened the thoughts of men towards peace. Neither arbitration nor any other step towards the abolition of war will be taken by making it less destructive to those who engage in it. Wars will become part of the history of a barbarous past by the triumph of civilization and reason, not by putting dull and poor nations on a footing, as regards armament, with the quick-witted and the rich nations.

ADMIRAL DEWEY deserves all the honors he has received, and an admiration of which the greatest enthusiasm that his warm-hearted countrymen are capable of will not be an exaggerated expression. The American people are so generous, and so fond of heroes, a noble trait of character, that they sometimes worship at the shrine of a false prophet. But they can make no mistake in manifesting a joy that is even ecstatic over Admiral DEWEY, and the louder they shout and the more extravagant they seem, the more they will honor themselves. It is true that the object of their hero-worship is a man, such as they are, but such as they are in the concrete and at their best estate. They have in him the incarnation of what is essentially good in American mind and character—quickness of comprehension, boldness in conception and execution, steadiness and coolness in action, and remarkable fertility of resource. Admiral DEWEY, besides, has thoroughly trained himself in his profession, as is common among men in his profession in all countries having maritime instincts, but especially common to Englishmen and Americans. He has also a natural dignity and self-control—traits which are cultivated among official classes elsewhere, but which are more generally common among Americans, who are therefore readier than other people to meet emergencies, not only effectively, but without losing their heads—in a word, self-respectfully. Admiral DEWEY has done his duty with great credit and honor to the country; and in saying this we have in mind not only the boldness, worthy as it was of the finest sea traditions of our race, with which he entered the harbor of Manila, not only the professional-like manner in which he destroyed the Spanish fleet, but his whole conduct as a conqueror, including his relations to the German admiral, whose mean-spirited conduct would probably have brought on war between his country and our own if the American commander-in-chief had not been a man like Admiral DEWEY. We must include, also, the modest deportment of the Admiral towards his own countrymen, and his inability to slop over—a partly excusable but wholly disagreeable fault, which always costs deserving men the respect of the many who are unable to overlook the manners and superficialities of a man of real merit.

In not a single particular has Admiral DEWEY brought the slightest regret to an honest and patriotic American mind. He has been throughout his career an officer of the navy and a gentleman of the best type. Adulation has not led him into folly, and he has not presumed on his position and his popularity to wander into the unknown field of politics. On the contrary, he has discouraged every effort to make him one of the Presidential possibilities. And we sincerely hope he will maintain this attitude. No military renown, except that of WASHINGTON, has escaped the tarnish which seems to be inevitable if the man who has earned it endeavors to serve his fellow-citizens in civil employment. DEWEY has won the Admiral's stars and fitly wears the hero's crown, and the reception which he will receive from his fellow-countrymen will abundantly attest the place to which he is entitled among the nation's worthies.

THE uproar which France is making over Major MARCHAND seems somewhat disproportioned to his achievements. He has only done what hundreds of others have accomplished, and much less than the great English explorers have done without exciting their nation into uproarious acclamations. It is true that the Frenchmen differ from the English in the matter of excitability; most nations do. But there is also another explanation at the bottom for this national uprising over the home-coming of a sufficiently gallant man, who has penetrated into African wilds, but whose ultimate design was quietly but effectually killed by the Sirdar. The Frenchmen are just now declaring their love for their army, because their army needs all the moral sustenance it can get, and also because the Frenchmen themselves feel the necessity of reassuring themselves as to the character of the army. Their warm shouts of loyalty to the army are a good deal like the traditional whistling of the boy who is fearfully passing through a graveyard. Therefore it is very refreshing for Frenchmen to find an army officer who has not been engaged either in forgery, perjury, conspiracy against innocents, or in treason, but who has actually exhibited courage, intelligence, and endurance. They are proud to exhibit one French soldier who has recently shown soldierly qualities, and therefore the extravagant adulation of MARCHAND.

THIS BUSY WORLD. *By E. S. Martin*

THE foes of rum, who have been used to proclaim that alcohol is a poison, harmful in small quantities, and proportionately harmfuller in greater ones, may be a little embarrassed by the results of the recent experiments of Professor W. O. Atwater, of Wesleyan University. Professor Atwater is a scientist of reputation, and has been lately engaged, in co-operation with some of the government chemists, in various experiments upon the food and nutrition of man. At the university at Middletown, Connecticut, he has had a metal chamber tenanted for considerable periods by a devoted man who ate, drank, slept, thought, worked, and was idle in the interest of knowledge, and in whom the effect of food, work, and the other incidents of living were carefully measured, weighed, and recorded.

To Professor Atwater applied the famous Committee of Fifty for the Investigation of the Drink Problem. They wished to know about the effect of alcohol on human beings. For their information he has made long and careful experiments on various men in his metal box, and finally he announced the other day (June 13) that alcohol in limited quantities is not a poison, but serves some of the uses of food like sugar and starch; it supplies heat and energy, and protects the material of the body from consumption, but does not make new tissue. It is useful as a fuel, but not to repair the machine. Professor Atwater does not recommend it as a food. He says that its effect on the brain and nerves is often such as to counteract its food value, and that the moderate use of it often leads to excess. But he holds that taken in small quantities it *is* a food and not a poison, and that from two to two and a half ounces may be consumed without harm in the course of a day. We are told that one must take about three average drinks of whiskey, or two quarts of lager-beer, or a pint and a half of claret, in order to make sure of consuming two and a half ounces of alcohol. That is a good deal more than the general run of temperate Americans are in the habit of drinking every day, and no doubt it is more than they can drink habitually to advantage. Of course a man who can give his whole attention to drinking, as many men do, and as Professor Atwater's man doubtless did for experimental purposes, is able to do better at it than another whose attention is diverted to other employments. No one, therefore, who has work to do is justified in considering, on the strength of Professor Atwater's experiments, that he is entitled to three drinks a day to keep him going.

While Professor Atwater's report does not warrant any moderate drinker in increasing his potations, there is no reason why it should not influence less moderate persons to reduce their indulgences in such a degree at least that their daily average shall not exceed the limit which the report sets.

The report is useful in helping us to understand why the great army of persons who drink a very little alcohol nearly every day do not succumb more promptly to their habits. If they were slowly poisoning themselves, as most of the anti-alcoholic school-books teach, they could hardly bear up as long as they do. It would seem as if the school-books might have to be revised, and perhaps they will be.

MUCH has been written during the last three weeks about the announcement of Dr. James H. Hyslop, Professor of Psychology in Columbia University, that he is about to lay before the world conclusive scientific evidence of the immortality of the soul. Professor Hyslop is certain that he will be able to do it within a year. He is a well-known and highly respected professor at Columbia, and is president of the American Society for Psychical Research. For ten years past he has been investigating the claims of the soul to be immortal, and has at last been assured of their validity through observations made through the famous Mrs. Piper of Cambridge. Every one who has the least interest in spiritism must know something about Mrs. Piper and the remarkable exploits with which she has had to do. Professor Hyslop, who has made it his business to catch mediums in fraud and expose their tricks, is convinced of Mrs. Piper's honesty, and says that she must either have an infinite mind or through her the spirits of deceased persons communicate with the living. Of the two alternatives he thinks the latter is the easier to accept. He believes that when he collects and publishes all his proofs they will carry conviction with them.

The majority of mankind believe in the immortality of the soul, but discreet persons have learned to be wary of trying to prove it through spiritualist mediums. Heretofore no one has attempted that without paying for it by the sacrifice of some part of his reputation for sagacity. It is like the case so familiar in fairy tales, where the king's daughter is in a bad fix, and whoever can help her out may marry her, and any one may try; but whoever tries and doesn't succeed must stay in the stocks for the rest of his days. The last case was that of Luther Marsh and the preposterous Dis Debar, and before him there was Henry Kiddle, once superintendent of schools in New York. They were satisfied that the immortality of the soul had been proved by spiritualism, but the proofs that convinced them made very little impression on the general public. They went to the stocks, and the job they essayed seems as far from accomplishment as ever.

Professor Hyslop has the advantage of being a psychologist by profession, and of having had under observation the most remarkable medium of the day. Mrs. Piper impresses almost every one who sees her as an upright, truthful woman. She never has been caught in any deceit, though she has been under close observation for over ten years. She has no theories or explanations. She simply goes into trances, and through her, either by writing or by word of mouth, come communications. She is apparently unconscious of what she writes or says while in a trance. The messages that come through her seem to come from the spirits of deceased persons. Professor Hyslop is sure they do, and believes he can prove it. We shall see.

PROFESSOR BENJAMIN IDE WHEELER, of Cornell, the distinguished educator whom so many colleges have proposed to, has been elected President of the University of California, and it is taken for granted that he will accept that office. Dr. Wheeler went to California last winter, looked over the university, and apparently discussed terms with the regents, since with the news of his election there comes word that his salary is to be $10,000 a year. That is a more suitable remuneration than most of the presidents of our foremost colleges receive, but Dr. Wheeler is generally recognized as one of the most valuable men in his line of business. The chemical flavor of his name alone is worth a good deal to a college. He has an experience in athletics which is also valuable, and his personal qualities as well as his scholarly attributes seem to qualify him in a very unusual degree to be the head of a university. It is a good thing not only for him, but for the whole pedagogical profession, that such a man should receive fairly liberal pay, for the fact that at present the financial prizes in the profession of teaching are not big enough must tend to keep out of that calling some able men whose tastes and abilities incline them towards it.

The East will be sorry to lose Dr. Wheeler, and no doubt Cornell will miss him sadly, but his settlement at the head of a great institution will have a composing effect on the minds of all trustees of colleges who are looking about for a leader.

PRESIDENT McKINLEY does not seem to share the misgivings lately expressed by Dr. Donald of Boston as to the usefulness of colleges for women. His niece was graduated on June 20 at Mount Holyoke College, South Hadley, Massachusetts, and the President not only adorned the proceedings with his distinguished presence, but received from the institution the honorary degree of Doctor of Civil Laws. It was the first degree Mount Holyoke had ever conferred upon a man; but Dr. McKinley, who had not permitted himself to hope that an exception would be made in his favor, was not so much overcome but that he was able to make a graceful speech of acknowledgment, and to proclaim that "an educated womanhood is an open school for citizenship every day in the year."

The preceding day the President spent at Smith College, Northampton, where he also graced the Commencement exercises, and was assured by President Seelye that Smith College had become an expansionist, and believed that the only way not to grow was to die. Most of the colleges are expansionist to that extent nowadays. Almost all of them seem to grow, both in numbers and wealth, in spite of the competition of many new ones.

MR. J. M. WILLSON, JR., of Kissimmee, Florida, secretary of the Society of Friends of the Florida Seminoles, reports that he has received $435 towards the $1000 which was asked for to buy for a band of the Florida Seminoles the land on which they have lived for the last thirty years. A recent paragraph in the WEEKLY set forth the plight of these Indians, and asked for help for them. There are about six hundred Seminoles now in Florida, the descendants of a much smaller number who declined to leave the State when their brethren went to Indian Territory. The Seminoles as a tribe are superior Indians, and those that remain in Florida are described as excellent people—honest, truthful, of pure morals, quite capable of taking care of themselves, and sure to do well if they have anything like a fair chance. The story of the dealings of Uncle Sam with the Seminoles is, like most of the other histories of our dealings with Indians, a mortifying narrative, in which, on the whole, the Indians seem to have behaved a great deal better than the whites.

THERE died on May 19, in Walworth County, Wisconsin, an old man, once a notable figure in public life, but who had lived so long in retirement that his death has hardly received the attention it deserved. He was John F. Potter, born in Maine in 1817, the descendant of a long line of New England ancestors. He went to school at Exeter, studied law at Augusta, Maine, and in 1836 settled in Wisconsin, about twenty-four miles from Milwaukee, which was then the nearest post-office. He was a member of Congress for three successive terms, beginning in 1857. Those were stirring times in Congress, and Mr. Potter did his share to make them lively. He became a national celebrity when, in consequence of a speech he had made, he was challenged by Roger A. Pryor to fight a duel, and accepted, naming bowie-knives as weapons, and a closed room in the District of Columbia as the place. It was at the time when Southern men were fond of proclaiming that Northern men had no fight in them. Pryor declined the terms, and Potter became the hero of the hour throughout the North. He was a delegate to four national conventions—in 1852, 1856, 1860, and 1864. In 1863 President Lincoln appointed him Consul-General at Montreal. Three years later he resigned and went home to Wisconsin, where he spent the rest of his life in the practice of law and agriculture, and the enjoyment of the privileges of private life.

THE body of Augustin Daly was brought home from Paris, where he died. His funeral, at half past nine in the morning on June 19, at St. Patrick's Cathedral, attracted many notable people, including most of the well-known actors who were in New York. Mr. Daly had many friends and a great many acquaintances, and though admission was by ticket, the great church was filled. An orchestra from the Musical Union played Beethoven's "Funeral March." Mass was celebrated. Archbishop Corrigan delivered the absolution. Cherubini's requiem and several funeral psalms were sung, and Father Lavalle delivered a funeral oration. The pall-bearers were Joseph Jefferson, Theodore Moss, Richard Dorney, George Clarke, ex-Justice Roger A. Pryor, Richard M. Henry, William Winter, St. Clair McKelway, Joseph Howard, Jr., George A. Robinson, John D. Crimmins, Nelson Goodwin Green, Dr. Oliver L. Jones, John B. Schoeffel, Thomas Hughes Kelly, J. J. O'Donohue, and William R. Grace.

THERE is at least one man in the country who is in a position to feel for General Eagan. Maher, the jockey, who made such a bad job at riding the favorite, Banastar, in the late Suburban horse-race, has been sentenced by his employer, Mr. Clark, to draw pay for two years without doing any work. Mr. Clark has a contract with Maher for two years, at $10,000 a year. He does not release him. He proposes to hold him to his employment, pay him his salary, and give him nothing to do. Where General Eagan has the advantage of Maher is in being able to leave the country. Where Maher gets the better of Eagan is in drawing larger pay. It is remarkable that this unusual form of retribution should obtain in two conspicuous instances within the same half-year.

IT appears that Buffalo still cleaves to the idea of a Pan-American Fair, and is going ahead vigorously with the preliminaries. The site of the fair is to be near Delaware Park, a large part of which is included in the 450 acres which the show will cover. We don't hear much about the fair yet in New York, but report says that in Buffalo one hears of little else. The average temperature of the population of Buffalo has already gone up to 102°, and special fever thermometers recording up to 115° are being constructed for use there next year when the fair fever gets more headway. Do you know that Brazil has appropriated $600,000 to make a good appearance with at Buffalo? The fair is only two years off. We shall not begin to appreciate it until next summer, when each of us who finds that he cannot afford to take his family to Paris will say, "Well, we will go to Buffalo next year instead!"

A CORRESPONDENT in Fargo, North Dakota, who has taken pleasure in the picture of Lieutenant Miles, lately printed in the WEEKLY, and in the verses which celebrate his exploit in the fight at Santa Ana, thinks that the survivors of the five volunteers who made his feat possible should be recommended for medals as well as he. "My service in the civil war," he writes, "was in the ranks, and for that reason, perhaps, I dislike to see the private soldier forgotten."

We all dislike to see the private soldier forgotten, and in this particular case there is uncommonly good reason why he should not be forgotten. Lieutenant Miles, it will be remembered, got only five volunteers in response to his call, and of these only two reached the block-house with him. Three fell, but it is not known to the WEEKLY that they were killed. All five may have survived the fight.

ANY readers of the WEEKLY who have inferred from the picture of General Ludlow, published in the issue of April 29, that that officer is not in good health, are invited to reassure themselves. Sending a new picture of himself, General Ludlow writes, under recent date:

> I have been rather persecuted with copies of the other picture, with various exclamations of horror and apprehension on the part of my friends that I am moribund, the fact being that my health is entirely satisfactory, and I weigh more than at any time during the past year.

THE newspapers have recorded that Mr. Hopkinson Smith lectured in Chicago before a ladies' art association, and that he was expected to lecture on art, and did not, but gave instead readings from his published works; and that, in view of his not having talked about art, the officers of the association volunteered to reduce the sum by which it expected to show its appreciation of Mr. Smith's labors to one-half the amount he is used to accept, and that he declined to receive this divided emolument and went without pay altogether.

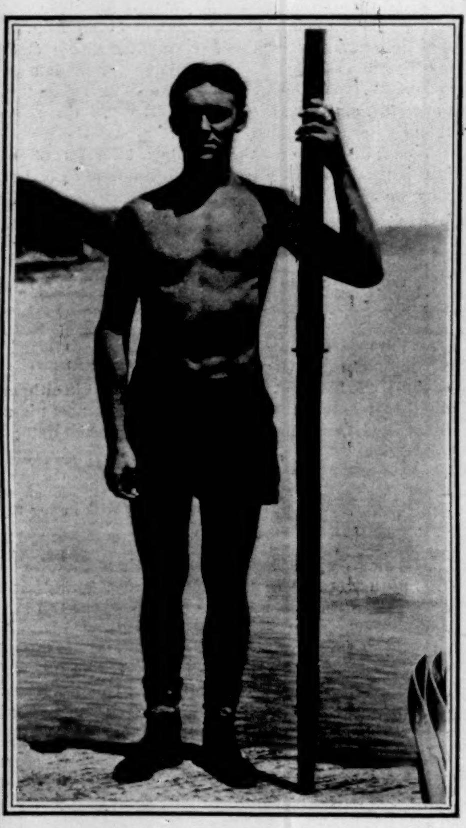
What the newspapers have not recorded, so far as observed, is that Mr. Smith had no previous knowledge that it was desired that he should discourse on art, and learned that fact for the first time on reaching the sacred edifice in which his hearers had gathered.

COLUMBIA.

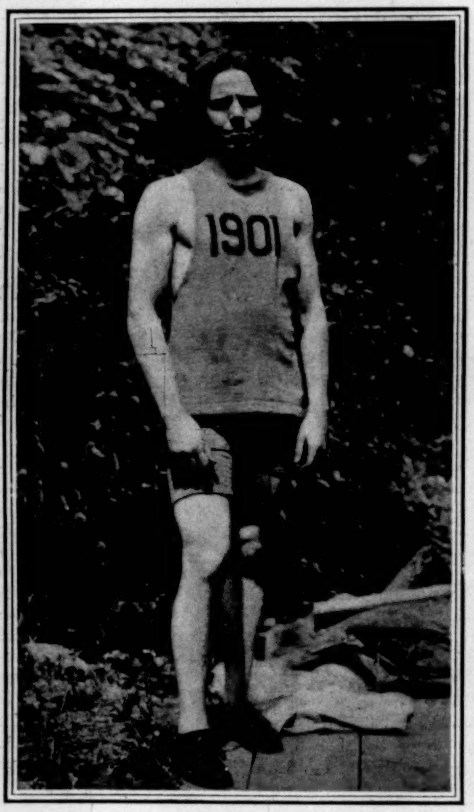
CORNELL.

PENNSYLVANIA.

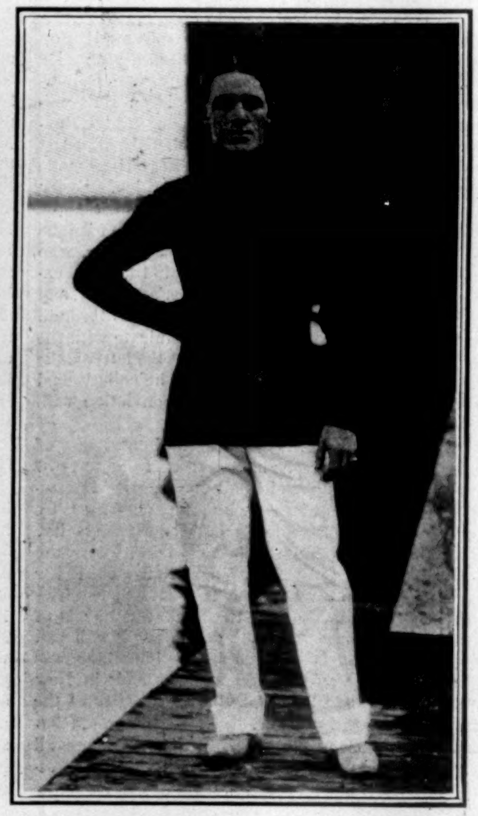
THE CREWS AT FULL REACH.



B. M. FALCONER (COLUMBIA).



R. W. ROBBINS (CORNELL).

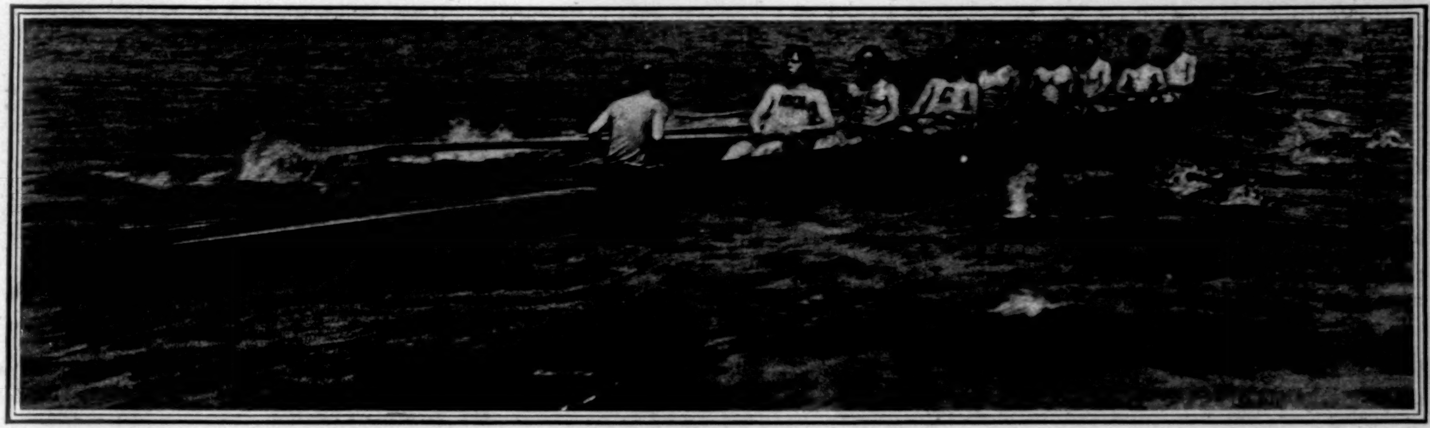


J. P. GARDINER (PENNSYLVANIA).

THE STROKE OARS.

THE INTER-COLLEGIATE EIGHT-OAR RACE AT POUGHKEEPSIE, JUNE 27—A COMPARISON OF THE STROKE OF COLUMBIA, CORNELL, AND PENNSYLVANIA.

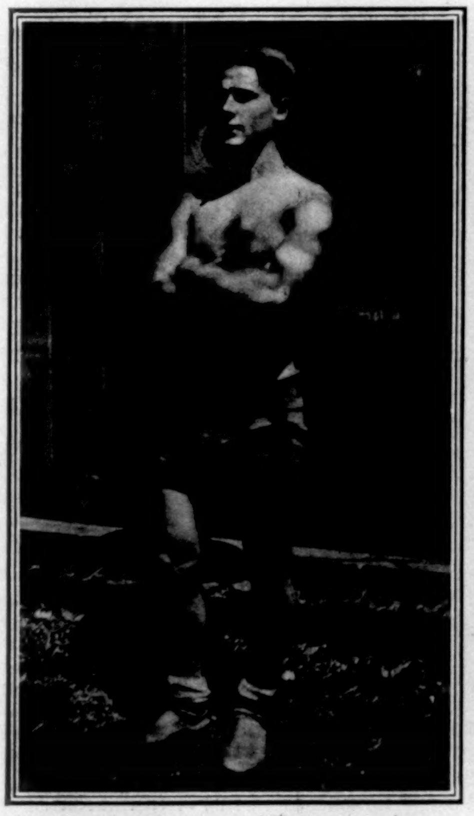
COLUMBIA.



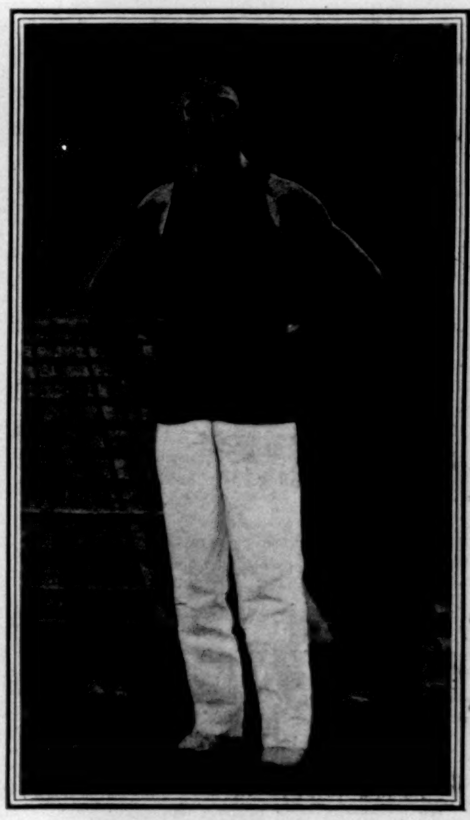
CORNELL.

PENNSYLVANIA.

THE CREWS AT THE RECOVER.



J. W. MACKAY, No. 6 (COLUMBIA).



L. KINZING, BOW (PENNSYLVANIA).

S. L. FISHER, COXSWAIN (CORNELL).

THE CREW CAPTAINS.

THE INTER-COLLEGIATE EIGHT-OAR RACE AT POUGHKEEPSIE, JUNE 27—A COMPARISON OF THE STROKE OF COLUMBIA, CORNELL, AND PENNSYLVANIA.

My Country: 1899. *By Owen Wister*

WRITTEN FOR THE Φ B K SOCIETY, HARVARD, JUNE, 1899

1.

At his chief city, balconied in ease
Beneath his dome and lustrous arch of sky,
Stretched Uncle Sam. Spring canopied his trees
With colors yet so tender that the eye
Could not foretell their Summer. Far and nigh,
From blossomed court and square and garden came
Perfumes too newly born for mortal tongue to name.

2.

Spaced through their filmy breath from court and square
White steps ascended, columns white uprose,
Tall roofs lay flat along the stately air,
Bronze heroes, lifted in Fame's last repose,
Gazed steadfast, silent, with immortal brows;
Soldiers, and mariners, and statesmen, who
Had honorably done what God gave them to do.

3.

And as the stronger constellations shine,
Drilling their beams through softer milky way,
These monuments, like stars in space divine,
Glowed through Spring's dim warm veil this tranquil day,
Lambent and fixed; and loftier than they
That single one supreme above them shone,
And from its shafted height looked down on Washington.

4.

Over the starry city triumph floated,
Striping the bannered air; and songs of war,
Thoughtless, melodious, and trumpet-throated,
Rang tingling clear above the blunted roar
Of curb and pavement. Uncle Sam once more
Smiled drowsily, and from a goblet drew
Once more his golden draught, the cup of Well-to-do.

5.

Forth from his halls to rouse him where he lay
Columbia stepped. Awake, she said. But he:
Where is the need? Hear you my bugles play?
Lo, I have bowed them down by shore and sea!
Lo, in my hand foams up Prosperity!
Drink! and come hearken to my soldiers sing:
The stricken Don lies low, felled by my Eagle's wing.

6.

Is that your soldiers singing? Hearken now,
Columbia said, and on him laid her hand.
Then at her voice's bidding and her brow,
He heard the thieves rejoicing through his land:
A gnawing, scheming, screeching vermin band,
Swarming his stairway with new shams to sell,
And shouting, Hail, Columbia, Hail, for all is well!

7.

Mixed with the pestilence he could descry
His chosen servants, thieving with the best.
Then Uncle Sam turned him uneasily,
And in his cup of Well-to-do sought rest.
To the full goblet his close lips he pressed:
Dear friend, he said, let's think upon my glory,
My war, my peace, my wide expanded territory.

8.

Your war! she said. Your bugles scream too loud
For their occasion; this brief-perilled feat
Earns too long junketing; too thick you crowd;
Too much you strut processioned in the street.
At every shop your windowed captains meet
The gazer, as it had been Waterloo:
And many books are made, where battles have been few.

9.

Your war! Could you have spied it in the flood
From Sumter that to Appomattox raged?
Where Gettysburg counts but one wave of blood,
How large should Santiago's drop be gauged?
What fleeting skirmish 'mid those battles waged
Where whosoever fell 'twas you that bled,
Whatever grief was sown 'twas you that harvested?

10.

Those empty towns in memory live fresh,
Drained of their boys and with young graves refilled—
Grass of the South and North that once was flesh,
Green now to-day with tears from love distilled.
That was your war! Of this, when time has willed
To page its chronicle in tale and song
Hereafter, do you think the story will be long?

11.

Since your young hand has gripped an old shrunk man,
Bedridden, evil, insolent, and vain,
Since your fresh giant fingers wrenched the ban
Of his cursed clutch loose from his slave domain,
Humbly praise God! But swell no long refrain,
Vaunt not this easy strife's quick victories:
You wrestled with a dotard, and you won the prize.

12.

Columbia ceased, and he made slow reply.
You speak not the whole matter, only part.
Your words, half-true, like half-fledged arrows fly
Slant of the mark and graze, but miss the heart.
My captains—true—were tempted in the mart
To show for hire the laurels they had won,
Precipitate to sell their tale of duty done.

13.

Would that the golden silence of their swords
Never had broken till some silver pen
Spoke their renown for them! For earth affords
No sight so brave as when the bravest men
Do, and speak not of it. Thrice honored, then,
Those few that would not earn belittling wage!
Not till life's work is done should heroes write their page.

14.

I overcame a dotard: Truce, once more.
Think you this prize has made my bugles blow,
My cannon their loud jubilations roar,
My clustered thousands in rejoicings glow?
Deem you 'tis this that moves them? Did we know
Him for a dotard on San Juan's hot day,
Or when we fronted him in far Manila's bay?

15.

Yet not for this triumphant banners fly.
Me have you bid the South and North recall:
Hark to their blended cheers that dim the eye!
Hark how their tramping feet united fall!
As brothers faced we Spain, together all;
Brothers still closer do we stand to-day,
And bless for this San Juan and far Manila's bay.

16.

That is a prize to trumpet forth a strain,
And loose our cannon and our thunderous cheers.
But the true heart and song of this refrain
Throbs from the sting of thirty scornful years.
For some have lived in hopes, and some in fears,
That too much peace had wrought my sinews harm,
Unstrung my lusty thews, unsteeled my soldier's arm.

17.

What time upon encroaching France I swung,
Contriving France that craved my overthrow,
Malignant France that like a scorpion stung,
Sneak-thieving France that prowled in Mexico,—
What time on France I swung and bade her go,
She heard, she looked, she went; and Europe saw
And stared uneasy at my Eagle's unsheathed claw.

18.

Her foiled alliance witnessed from afar
Their toy, the Emperor by their councils planned
To rise in Mexico and quench my star,
Himself quenched out, marooned on his own strand,
None of them dared reach out a helping hand
To that fond victim of their hate for me,
Lone Maximillian, puppet, dupe of monarchy.

19.

My make and kind might Europe then have learned—
But saw my legions melt in peace away,
My jingling troopers back to farmers turned,
Walking behind their chargers through the hay—
And she misunderstood my New World's way:
The sword that makes a ploughshare shall become
Ploughshare that makes a sword, when beats my country's drum.

20.

But Europe was age-smitten; she was stale
With catalogues and customs; she contained
Nothing like me. She watched for me to fail,
By my own stretching purse-strings overstrained.
And as I throve the more, she more disdained
My thriving, called me merchant, money-bag,
Too fat with hoarded gold to hold aloft my flag.

21.

Through thirty garnering years this waxing scorn
Swelled in her peevish eyes across the sea;
What though her hate and hope were envy-born?
Their bitterness turned never sweet for me
Until I gave the lie. Was I to be
Pride-proof, unscalded by such jibe and chafe,
And in self-valuation wrap my honor safe?

22.

And yet I did! I brooked their alien jeers
And bent me to my tasks, while memory bore
My jingling troopers shrined through those long years,
My farmers, first in peace, and first in war!
Then rose your voice; and then, and not before,
I walked bewildered, wondering 'neath my breath
If haply now in truth my gold had been my death.

23.

Hearken, Columbia! for you gave their blame
Sanction and chorus; on my hearth you've sung
Insults like theirs, and hymned aloud my shame;
Upon my sales and bargains you have rung
Changes of warning, naming me among
The fallen spirits, pointing to my sires,
Crying my soul was made with ashes from their fires—

24.

My heart snuffed out beneath a pile of dross.
O, I can hear you still, with your lament
Over my merchant gain, my manhood loss.
Then came my time: my cloak of peace I rent
And stood a soldier. Europe, that had spent
Her worst ill-manners on me, swift became
Silent, commending, careful, smooth, observant, tame.

25.

So of myself I walked once more assured.
My fathers' fires as hot in me can blaze
As when first kindled. Had my war endured
To grow a tale of years, had its first days
Of onset brought defeats, recoils, delays,
Had I been matched and thrown, why I had leaped
Giant from Earth again, with mightier strength fresh-reaped.

26.

Renewed I'd stridden to each next affray
To strike my next indomitable blow;
Each new reverse a newly opened way,
Path to new battles where my Troops would go;
And every hour the scent of foreign foe
Lay on my soil, from schools and towns and farms
New thousands of my unleashed youth had sprung to arms.

27.

And like the ripple on the surface sea
By ocean's ground-swell endlessly controlled,
So do my people's flags, and songs, and glee
Crest this great wave that from my deep has rolled.
And Santiago's drop will serve to hold
Emblemed the steel and temper of my blood,
Changeless, with Lexington and Gettysburg one flood.

28.

Thus Uncle Sam. Columbia stood by
Her pride afire with his. But 'neath their view
Still swarmed the thieves; and she marked how his eye
Uneasy shifted, how again he drew
Close to his lips his cup of Well-to-do.
And her gaze chilled. Spain you can face, said she;
You shirk the house-rats that infest your granary.

29.

There are two ways by which a State may fall;
There are two deaths that every man can die;
Two courages must guard a Nation's wall
As they maintain man's life unstormed and high,
Body and spirit fearless equally.
But you, you sprawl and swagger, clear your throat
For war-songs, then you cringe and pale before a vote.

30.

Your soldiers you can garland with your praise,
And style them unleashed youth, and shout your pride
At their achievement, bawling phrase on phrase
In vast complacence, crowding to their side
To shake their hands and clap your own and hide
The skeleton that at your feast appears,
The scandal against which you stop your coward ears—

31.

The scandal politic you dare not know,
The face-to-face, the eye-to-eye you dread!
Then bid your captains tell about the foe,
Beat your drums loud, and louder, lest instead
Tampa should rise and tell you of her dead!
Conceal your commissary rat, befriend
Your secretary with his private gold to lend.

32.

House their foul deeds, build round this filthy mire
A fence of Courts that solemn Justice feign;
Rehearse your judges; let it not transpire
Your camps and carrion filled more graves than Spain
Inquire, ignore, pretend; paint out the stain
With varnished falsehood—let the trick be sure;
Pervert, deny, defy; do everything but cure!

33.

Whom could such courts and such inquiries blind?
The record you so pompously efface
Stares through its futile whitewash underlined,—
Your court the pyramid of your disgrace.
Yet you may trust your easy-going race
To read those grave-stones and forget to say:
Butchered to make an office-seeker's holiday!

34.

As much as you short-stepped the truth before,
You overstride it now, he answer gave.
If my chief servant faltered on the score
Of friendship, has your tongue no message save
Denunciation? It is hard to stave
Past benefits aside, forthwith forget
When the propitious hour has struck to pay the debt.

35.

Propitious hour! Past benefits! she cried.
But he: Nay, hear me out. I will concede
Your blame. But backward look, what heaving tide
He came to pilot in; how dear my need
For a wise moderate hand; how wise indeed
And steady at my rearing helm he stood—
Then say, confess—makes not his steering towards the good?

36.

Peace he had sought. Intemperate days outplanned
Him. Yet when fell the stroke of speeding doom,
When that night-diving and assassin hand
Had stabbed my back in dark Havana's gloom,
For sober-treading counsels he wedged room,
E'en 'mid the tumbling, ragged-witted roar
Of Congress inarticulate, yelping instant war.

37.

If blame must be, Columbia, be it just.
Then she: I blame not him, but you that chose
A private debtor for a public trust.
For patriot duties have no subtler foes
Than party friends. He pays the debt he owes
With whose possessions? Whose the seal and sign?
He pays not what is his, but what is yours and mine.

38.

I blame not him: you saw the puppet wires
By which his prompters move him in their show,
Changing his trappings as the part requires,
Ventriloquizing for him Yes, or No;—
Thus he squeaked Gold, or Silver, long ago,
Stands ribboned with Secession's badge to-day,
Buttoned with Loyal Legion for to-morrow's play.

39.

I blame not him: the searching timorous eye
Of whipped opinion and performing creed
Blinks in ten thousand like him 'neath your sky,
Watchful for votes alone; your native breed,
Your trick-taught leaders, trained how not to lead,
How not to think, but shackled to the car
Of Politics to walk, and know not whose they are.

40.

O, I can mark the pledged and fettered crew
Limp down our century with stains and soils;
Their hearts, their hands, their strength they promised you,
Mortgaged, foreclosed, ere they begin those toils
You called them to: Victors must reap the spoils!
Your best, by that worst law, drag ball and chain,
Half honest, half achieving, half forsworn, half men.

41.

You, Freedom's soldier, know the gyves they wear,
You, Slavery's foe, behold the mills they tread,
You, Truth's upholder, take the oaths they swear,
Their civic oaths with falsehood riveted,
And taking, smile consent, and nod your head—
Liberty's watchman, drowsing at his post
To dream how gold bought back the vigilance he lost.

42.

Drowsing! he answered. Why, I've waked the world!
The scornful Powers, the sovereign close-throned few,
The sceptred circle, whose dull lips once curled
Because they were so old, and I so new—
To-day count me, and what I say, and do.
I sit among them, chaired in equal state;
They have obeyed my knock and opened me their gate.

43.

Drowsing! 'tis you that walk in blindfold sleep,
With sight but imaged in a senseless eye;
'Tis you that should awake, so you may keep
Pace with my ocean-spreading destiny.
My banners— Hold! she cried. I know the cry:
"War of humanity"; "In Freedom's name";
A spangled cloak of words to screen their game and shame.

44.

Hark to the babel and cajoling din
Paid orators and bedlam prophets raise,
While corporate greed conspires to make you sin
Against your birthright and your ancient ways.
"War of Humanity!" mouth-feeding phrase!
"Beneficent Assimilation"—how
Drivel's the jargon that hypocrisy speaks now?

45.

These puffed wind-swollen sounds your land have flung
To such commotion, shaken so her poise,
That every jackanapes who wags a tongue
And thumps a fist must leap into the noise,
While Folly, rabid to make heard her voice,
Mounts the high pulpit and outscreams the mass,
Profane 'mid tinkling cymbals and 'mid sounding brass.

46.

"God's instrument," they style you, bid you be,
And "Carry Christ to heathens." Will you dare
Search your own mansion and your hearth and see
How much of Christ this day have you to spare?
Your fraud-bespattered ballot—reigns He there?
Your pension bureau—does that crime reveal
Acknowledgment of Him who said: Thou shalt not steal?

47.

What shall you tell the heathen of those thieves
That sway Manhattan and decree her laws,
And spin the meshes that corruption weaves
Around each right and honorable cause?
And Pennsylvania's unjailed bird that draws
His fetid vultures round her heart, that rules
A government of knaves at the expense of fools?

48.

What shall you tell of Carolina's stain?
Of blood-spilt polls, and smoking butchery?
Of dastard brag about her victims slain?
If they were savages—what thing is she?
Georgia's outlawed tribunals view, and see
Men roasted at the stake. Then, if you will,
Go teach the heathen how God said: Thou shalt not kill.

49.

Ah, through this shaking tinsel of the day
How easy for Truth's golden gaze to shine!
Truth's in your heart; then let her lend a ray
To your bedazzled eyes, ere you resign
Your birthright, ere your separate path entwine
With alien tangles. What concern have you
To sit with sceptred powers, the sovereign close-throned few?

50.

O Benjamin of Nations! has your coat
Not enough colors that you must inweave
New skeins of savag'ry, unknown, remote,
New wards in motley guardianship receive?
Was it for this you bid the Old World leave
You to yourself, and set the vacant seas
Between your youth and her age-worn iniquities?

51.

O Benjamin of Nations, best beloved!
Still let your isolated beacon show
Its steadfast splendors from their rock unmoved,
Mixed with no lanterns that flare, fall, and go.
Still may your fortunate twin oceans flow
To island you from neighbors' broils aloof:
Teach Liberty to live! be your life still the proof!

52.

So long in Heaven I waited for your birth,
Such joy filled me when I became your soul,
So close I have companioned you on earth,
Walked with each step you've trodden towards our goal,
O stray not now aside and mar the whole
Bright path! She stopped; she laid her hand on him;
He, looking up, beheld how her clear eyes were dim.

53.

Then gently in his hands her hand he drew.
Dear love, he said, we stray not now aside;
Truth lives within my heart, for there live you;
And true we'll walk, and talk, and see, and bide.
Therefore, O heart! from you how dare I hide
These crowding evils that my land debase,
The stumbles, the shortcomings, that are my disgrace?

54.

O for a day in which the sun might hold
Himself in Heaven till these dark wrongs were right!
O for a month containing months twelvefold,—
So should our field be weeded ere the night!
It shall be done. But long and slow the fight
Mid thick-set needs, and the swift moment cries
To leave these inward ills and outward turn our eyes.

55.

For we must tread this world; and it must be
That in the world offences still shall come—
And woe to the offender! Yet if we,
At each new fall, sat counting up the sum,
Like stagnant-praying monks we should grow numb
For onward act, lifeless with life should cope,
Shirking the ills we fear, missing the good we hope.

56.

I am no monk—Spain's light-houses are they—
Nor doting scholar, fed with midnight oil;
My beacon burns the fire of urgent day,
Each striding dawn unveils new-risen toil.
And jostling follies sway not me, nor foil
My set and forward journey, nor compel
My hand from tasks that fell unsought, but justly fell.

57.

What means "No governing without consent
Of governed"? Mark you, did Secession say
She craved our rule? These islands, impotent
For aught save prowling rapine and affray,
Unripe yet rotten, what consent know they?
Shall I then leave this riot's murk and throb,
Permit one specious phrase to pedestal the mob?

58.

Consent of governed? 'Tis a word that sits
'Twixt moral equals. Like "God's instrument"
Which many shout and are found wrong, it fits
Conclusions; it is proof, not argument.
Had man such bombast suffered to prevent
Control of force by force, why man had sat
Naked in caves, a shaggy proletariat.

59.

Let tongues discordant wail and prophesy
Lo here! lo there! Thy duty's thus, and so;
Behold thy path!—securely still walk I:—
Myself's the single duty that I know.
For this, through four unswerving years of woe
I freed the slave: For his sake? No! my own;—
For this same sake again flung down Spain's despot throne—

60.

While Europe's Christian and concerted Kings
Found for their sake Armenia must bleed.
Hence, and because of such like differings
'Twixt Kings and me, I anciently decreed
Kings' absence from my soil. And I still need
That absence: for my sake I bid the brood
Once more, Away! and stand to make my old word good.

61.

Sped is that day when the embracing sea
Nursed my young Continent apart, alone;
Behold, Columbia, the world and we
By monster engines shall be pushed in one.
Shall be? 'tis here; 'tis seen; 'tis come; 'tis done!
And Solitude sees whipping Progress urge
Her reeling chariots up the last horizon's verge.

62.

Tied are the unseen corners of the world
By weaving strings that drag them face to face;
And chartered raiders to the front are hurled,
While elbowing Empire comes with heavy pace.
Keeping my ancient word, I watch the race.
Think you my beacon stirs? Its towering light
Streams like the noon upon their nearer-dazzled sight.

63.

Here lies my glebe, my moated hemisphere,
Intact from new encroachment. I have drawn
The ocean's circle round it; change must here
Come from within; as I bid France begone,
As Britain has her forward step withdrawn
Because I asked her, so I'll still provide
That racing Empires from my glebe shall turn aside.

64.

So I shall stand. And since fresh comers crowd
Magellan's ocean till it spreads no more
A shield of emptiness, but wears a cloud
Of nearing menace to my world-long shore,
My Asia-fronting beach, I'll be before
The times: upon these islands I shall post
My watch and citadel, lest my word turn to boast.

65.

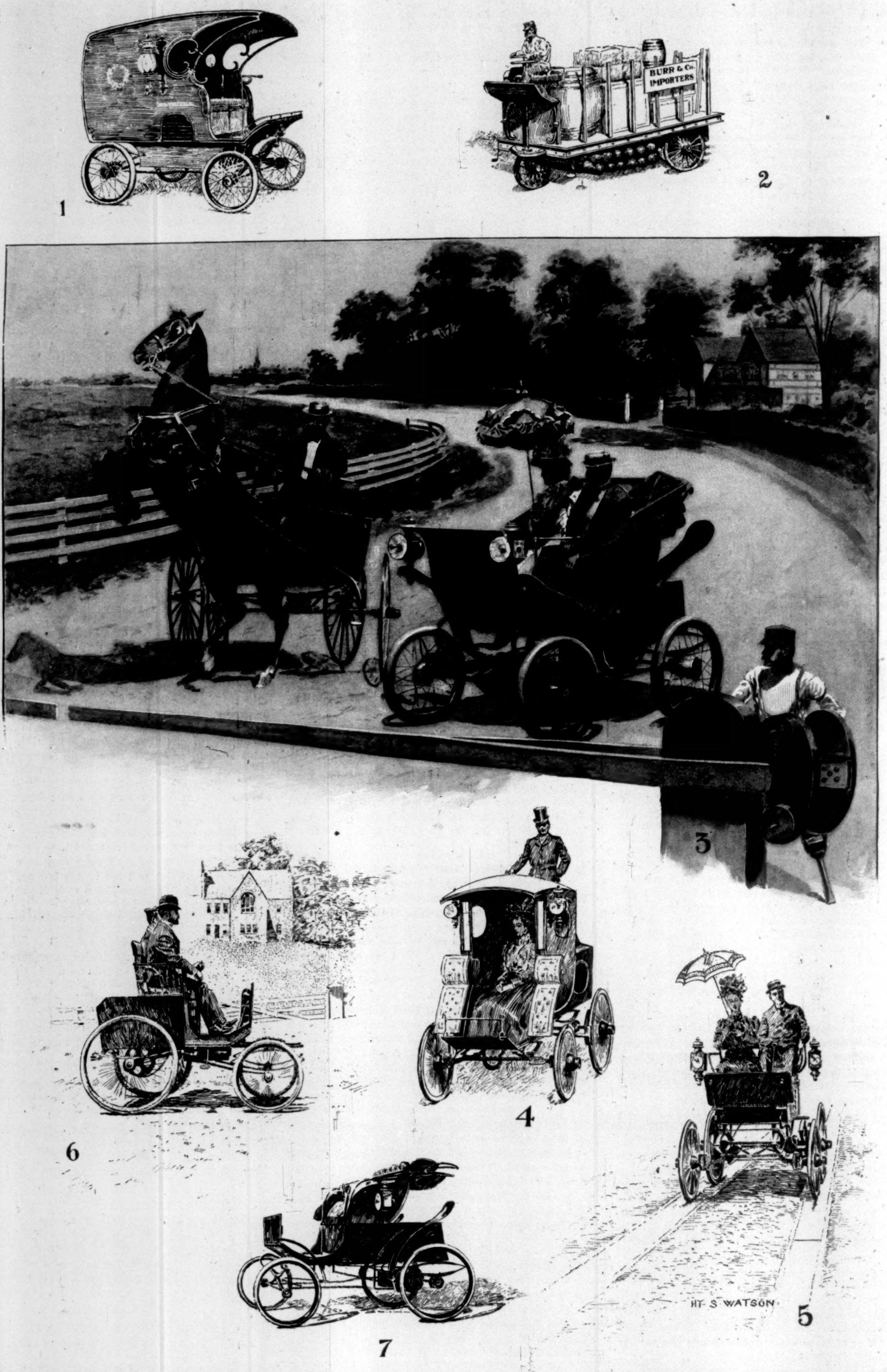
O my dear better Angel and my star,
My earthy sight needs yours, your heavenly, mine!
I am your flesh, and you my spirit are;
I were too gross alone, you, too divine!
Parted, I'd fall in dust, and you would shine
In voiceless ether. Therefore we unite
To walk on earth together, that we walk aright.

66.

Me shall you pilot to the eternal goal,
I'll steer you safe through every needy day;
So shall the years extreme unharming roll
To right or left; we'll find the middle way,
Stumble and rise, till marvelling Nations say:
Behold the twain that make their Country's health,
The necessary two that poise her Commonwealth!

67.

At his chief city, quiet in repose
Beneath his dome and lustrous arch of sky,
Thus did he speak to her. Then both arose,
And slowly moving 'neath Spring's canopy
Passed through the blossomed gardens silently,
Together passed to make their Country's health,
The Necessary Two that poise the Commonwealth.



THE SPREAD OF THE AUTOMOBILE—TYPES OF SELF-PROPELLING VEHICLES.—[See Page 654.]

1. Electric Delivery-Wagon. 2. Compressed-Air Truck. 3. A Study in Nerves at a Grade Crossing. 4. Private Electric Hansom Cab. 5. Electric Cart on Steel Tracks for common Roads. 6. Gasolene Carriage. 7. Type of Electric Carriage.

The Conspirators. *By Robert W. Chambers*

Author of "Lorraine," etc., etc.

This story was begun May 13, 1899.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Germany covets the Grand-Duchy of Luxembourg, and the massing of German troops on the frontier is followed by the mobilization of two Dutch army corps. By a secret understanding the United States and England have agreed to a joint seizure of Samoa the moment a German soldier enters Luxembourg. An American minister is quietly accredited to the Grand-Duchy, and Gilbert Hardy, a young army officer, is ordered there as military attaché. On the train to Luxembourg he encounters a stranger, and they discover that the personal descriptions in their passports are almost identical. The stranger, who claims to be a Prussian officer named Stanerl von Elbe, thereupon covers Hardy with a revolver, obtains the American's passport, and gives the latter his own. Hardy, mistaken for von Elbe, is arrested and placed in prison. A beautiful woman comes to the barred window of his cell, professes her love for the supposed von Elbe, and implores him to leave Luxembourg for her sake. She gives him a ring as a keepsake. He is visited by two German emissaries, named Wiepert and Vossburg, establishes his identity, and is informed that the mysterious woman was the Grand-Duchess of Luxembourg. Going to the American Legation, he finds his chum, Victor Osborne, there as First Secretary. After breakfast he sees von Elbe—whom he now knows to be Prince Edric of Prussia—passing, and follows him. He tells Edric of his adventures in prison, and asks him to return the ring to the Grand-Duchess. Edric becomes much agitated, and informs him that it does not belong to her. He tells Hardy of his passion for a peasant girl of Luxembourg, who resembles the Queen of Holland, and of the Emperor's opposition. Gendarmes come to arrest Edric, who is wounded, and is taken into the care of the Grand-Duchess. Hardy recognizes in Amyce, Countess of Wilverwiltz, one of the attendants of the Grand-Duchess, his midnight visitor. Osborne informs him that he is to resign for a while from the United States service, and to reorganize the Luxembourg army. He meets the Countess, and promises to use his influence to reconcile the Grand-Duke and Grand-Duchess, who, though loving each other, are drifting apart. The Countess, believing that Edric had come to Luxembourg out of love for the Grand-Duchess, had resolved to visit him in prison, out of friendship for the Grand-Duchess, and, impersonating the latter, force him in honor to leave. Learning that the supposed Edric was Hardy, she becomes furiously angry. Edric tells Hardy of the Emperor's desire that he should wed the Queen of Holland. The American Minister returns, and informs Hardy that the Countess of Wilverwiltz had requested his (Hardy's) recall. Hardy visits the grand-ducal court at Wilverwiltz, and as he picks up a shoe which the Countess's horse had dropped, meets Athel, Grand-Duke of Luxembourg.

CHAPTER XV.

THE HORSESHOE.

Concerning an attempt to influence fate, undertaken by a young man in search of the Millennium.

My first emotion was, as I say, mortification; my first instinct, resentment. At the same time I was glad that it had not been an inferior who witnessed my superstitious rite. A man understands weakness in his equals.

"Who stoops for luck must have twenty fingers," said the young man, screwing his eye-glass into his left eye. He gazed earnestly into the dust where, at my feet, the imprint of the horseshoe lay. "Were there any nails in it?" he inquired, seriously.

"Five," I replied, with a reserve born of a growing suspicion.

"Five years' luck," he said, gayly; "and five's an odd number, too."

He bowed without embarrassment, and offered me his hand, saying, in English: "I'm glad I have such a lucky aide-de-camp. I fancy you are Lieutenant Hardy. How d'ye do? I'm Athel of Luxembourg."

I had suspected his identity—not because he resembled at all the idea I had of the Grand-Duke of Luxembourg from his photographs, but because of his strongly marked English accent.

He appeared to be younger than his photographs indicated, and, strangely enough, he was thoroughly English in type—tall, sunburnt, with pleasant Saxon eyes, and that clean contour of cheek and chin characteristic of the Saxon Englishman. There was also that slight droop to his mustache that adds to the seriousness of expression so noticeable among the English. But he was a man's man, I saw that at once, and I liked him. Perhaps the Anglo-Saxon characteristics warmed my heart a little too. Englishmen are never foreigners, like the Irish or French; and blood is thicker than whiskey or Vichy

"And you think a superstitious aide-de-camp an acquisition?" I asked, smiling.

"Undoubtedly," he said. "I am as superstitious as any old wife who plants white-thorn to keep off lightning, or burns gorse to keep the devil from milking her cows. And I'm glad you found that horseshoe."

"Luck came to the man who hatched thirteen chickens from a dozen eggs," I said, laughing, "but I've always suspected those dozen eggs were a 'baker's dozen.'"

"Don't disillusion me; it's bad luck," he protested, also laughing, and he held up both hands, crossing the first and second fingers on each

I gravely followed his example, making the mystic sign against evil, which pleased him immensely.

"Come," he said, heartily; "give me a man with a robust fear of bad luck, and I'll show you a good Christian. Shall we walk? I drove to Saint-Yssel so I could walk across the woodland I love walking—don't you? I love the woods—don't you? I knew you did; I noticed the little twitch of your nostril. Come on; I'll show you what game God and the poachers have spared me. I wish I had my shooting-clothes—but come ahead, anyway"

Dressed faultlessly as he was, I dreaded to see his silk hat pierced by a pointed twig or his frock-coat covered with dock and ripped by briers. Both contingencies occurred, however, but he only said, "Damn it!" and continued his enthusiastic course through thickets and scarcely discernible trails, pointing out everything, delighted as a boy in a partridge covey

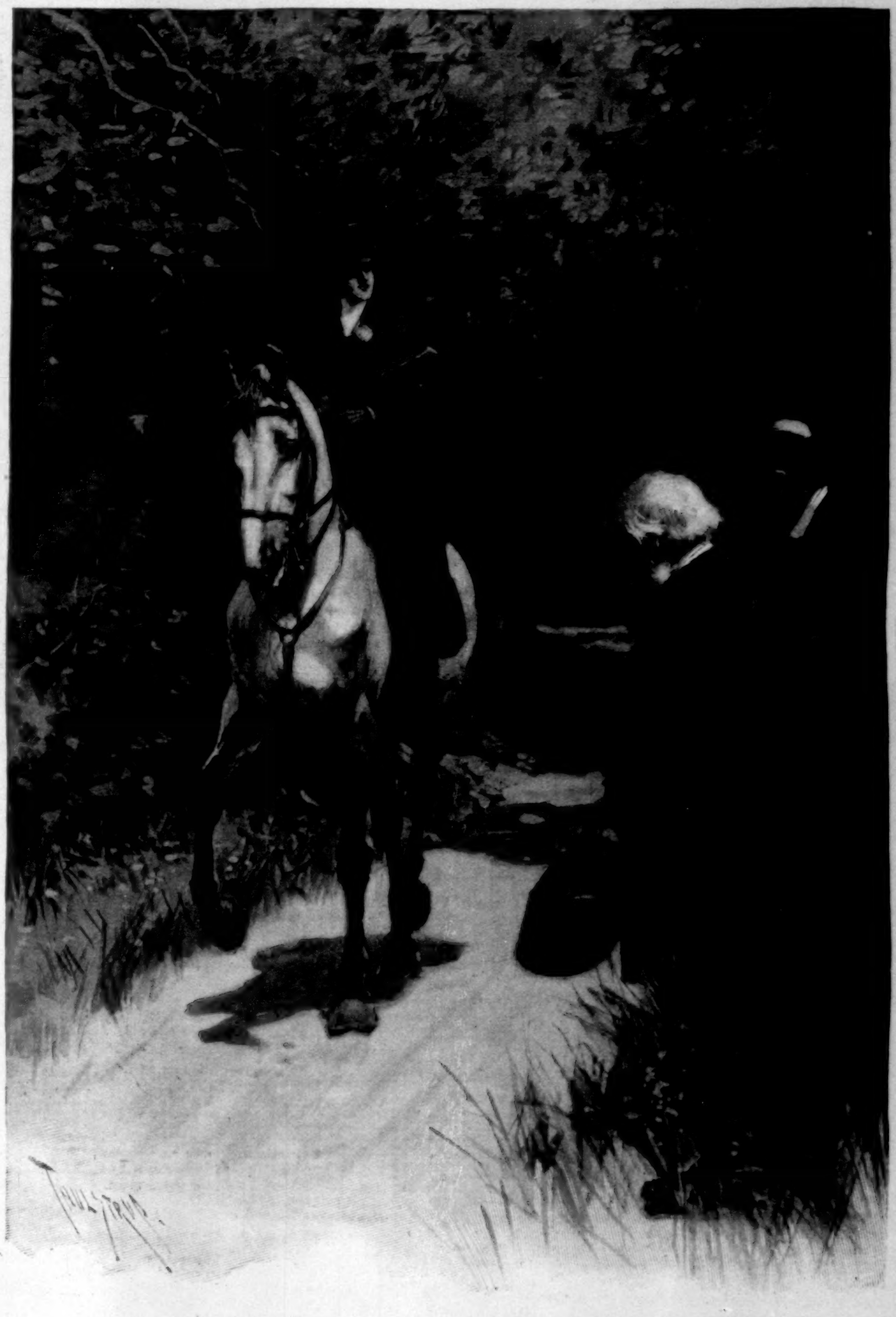
He showed me an evil-looking bog, threaded by sluggish streams, and told me that the first flight of woodcock always dropped there.

We examined one or two hawk-traps, in one of which dangled a dead magpie; we knowingly knelt on the short turf, speculating about a badger, who had, as usual, clumsily proclaimed his presence by scratching up the sod for a yard around a rabbit-burrow.

"Foxes don't do that," I observed.

"They're too foxy," said the Duke, unconscious of any offence against the language. "A fox puts one paw in, dainty as a cat on wet leaves, if you please. I have a soft spot in my heart for poachers, whether they run on two legs or on four"

We put up plenty of pheasants, and even a few wild-ducks, that, the Duke explained, bred on the Semois. Occasionally we heard the crashing of startled deer in the hill thickets, but saw no large game except a wild-boar,



"THEY STOOD AT THE SIDE OF HER HORSE, HAT IN HAND."

covered with dust, rooting up turnips in a patch that bordered the western forest edge.

"Beyond," said the Duke, "lie the free Ardennes, where the wolves are. We manage to keep them out of the preserve fairly well, though I have no doubt that there are some in here now."

Turning homeward, for the sun hung low above the blue trees in the west, we rambled through the splendid forest, exchanging confidential data concerning the influence of incubators on the plumage of the Amherst pheasant, and the disputed theory of relationship between ferrets and polecats.

Once or twice I ventured to mention the object of my presence in Luxembourg, but he said: "Oh, bother the army now; let's talk shot-gun! Do you mind?"

"No," I said, laughing; "but I thought you might care to give me an idea of what is contemplated."

"Perhaps I'd better," he replied, thoughtfully. "I saw his Excellency this morning, and he tells me that Germany has notified him that the Emperor cannot regard with unconcern any increase in the Luxembourg army."

"Good heavens!" I blurted out. "That, of course, means war!"

"It will if your country stands by us," he said. "His Excellency has cabled, and he expects instructions by the end of the week."

Of course that tied my hands for the time being; it disappointed me too, for I had begun to take the greatest interest in the reorganization of the Luxembourg forces, and I had promised myself much pleasure in breaking in and brigading raw material as soon as the law proclaiming universal service had been promulgated.

The Duke asked me to give him an outline of my scheme, and I did so, even going into details of mobilization and permanent garrisons. He was a trifle surprised, I fancy, by my knowledge of a country so new to me. But he approved the whole scheme in the rough, saying, with a quizzical smile, "Of course the treasury is to be handled with gloves, or my dear Baron d'Arlon may pull the purse-strings under our noses."

"But surely," I said, "the Chamber of Deputies will vote appropriations for defence; even our Congress has been known to do that, at times!"

"My dear fellow," he said, seriously, "the Chamber of Deputies is as hopelessly imbecile as your Congress, and the mental stability of both is on a par with the stability of a French ministry or a South-American republic. If the money is there, probably they won't vote it; if it isn't, they are apt to vote millions."

We came in sight of the château before he finished speaking, where, on the lawn, the Countess of Wilverwiltz, assisted by Bettina d'Yssel, was instructing a vicious-looking French bull-dog to jump through a hoop.

I felt the blood tingling my ears as we advanced along the shaded avenue towards the terrace, where the bull-dog ungallantly bolted from the ladies and flung his brindled body enthusiastically against the Duke's legs.

"Take your ungrateful dog, Monsieur le Duc!" cried Bettina, with flushed cheeks. "I hate ingratitude, even in a dog—and I gave Flic my last bonbon!"

"Fear sometimes does Love's errands," said the Duke, smiling. "Flic might be more grateful for a cuff than for a bonbon."

"But you never strike Flic," said Bettina.

"And I never give Flic bonbons," said the Duke, gravely.

"Which is the way to make *dogs* love you," observed the Countess, with brightening eyes.

The Duke's cheeks grew tense along the jaw, but he smiled and caressed the square eager head of the dog at his knee; and Flic panted and whined and adored, yawning spasmodically from over-indulgence in many emotions.

"You ennuyez me—tiens!" said Bettina to Flic. "I wish I had my bonbon that you sat up for!"

The Duke, Flic at his heels, sauntered up to the terrace, saying he'd something better to do than to hear his dog maligned; but Bettina linked her arm lovingly in his, and continued her denunciations of Flic, until their laughing voices died out in the long hallway beyond the terrace.

If I had expected the Countess to go, I found out my mistake. Uncomfortable as I was, alone there with her, I could not wish to be anywhere else, for that meant despair. I must go on loving her—there was no escape; and it almost angered me to confess it to myself.

"It displeases you that I have come to Wilverwiltz?" I said, with that rising inflection that in itself makes an observation deferential.

"It leaves me quite indifferent, monsieur," she said, without emotion.

"And if I talk to you?" I asked.

"Mon Dieu! Monsieur Hardy, I talk to Flic!"

The sting of the words left my face burning, but I only said: "Pride is sometimes the greatest thing in the world—and it is sometimes the least. To endure proudly is noble; to revenge is to unmask."

She raised her eyebrows coolly and looked me in the eyes: "Et après?"

"Insolence is Pride with her mask pulled off," I said, distinctly.

She did not answer, but her eyes sparkled.

"Your intrigue to disgrace me was as cruel as it was useless," I said. "What satisfaction could it be to you to ruin my career?"

"I do not wish to," she replied; "you will do that act of justice for yourself."

"You mean, if one gives a rascal rope he'll lynch himself?" I asked, trying to swallow the bitterness of this futile duel of words. But I was no sword-swallower.

"Perhaps I mean that."

I could not speak, for the hot anger choked me; yet, through it all—through the misery of her hate for me—I knew I loved her so well that even she must suspect it.

"You are too clever to plot with others for my destruction," I said; "many heads obstruct intrigue, and slowest insects have most legs. The Spanish Inquisition, working Sundays and holidays, would hurt less than a cutting word from you."

The Countess laughed a melodious little laugh, utterly mirthless. Then she said,

"When the cat surprised the mouse in the sugar-bowl, the mouse said, 'I love you; come into the bowl and we'll eat sugar—if you are hungry.'"

She said it in Flemish, not caring—perhaps hoping I would not understand. It was an insolent speech; it was doubly vindictive in Flemish.

"If I judge the Countess of Wilverwiltz justly," I said, in a low voice, "I *think* she already regrets that speech."

The color flew to her face and the impulsive words came, even before I finished.

"I do regret it," she said; "I am ashamed. I hate you so heartily that I want a respectful hatred from you in return."

That she could desire anything from me, even hatred, was something. "Love me! Hate me! Only don't be indifferent," is the truest axiom ever misunderstood.

"You have the respect," I said; "I can't promise you the hatred." And the expression on my face was as good as "I love you." And she knew it.

But she had made up her mind to hate—and she did hate with a determination that amazed and discouraged me. Given a cordial dislike founded on injured pride, add to that the desire to humiliate the object of dislike, and to that add the failure to humiliate! The result is a healthy hatred that time will either strengthen or uproot.

"If I can make you suffer for what you have made me suffer," she said, "it will be justice, not revenge. If I can teach you a lesson that may save some other woman's pride, I shall do it."

I said nothing.

She took one step towards the terrace, then stood still.

"I know what men's consideration for women is. And it is revolting to know it. I never saw a man worthy of any woman—no, not the most spotless among you. And to be humiliated by one of you—!"

She lifted the hem of her summer gown daintily—perhaps because there was a little dew on the turf.

Then she went around the corner of the house, returning my bow with a pretty inclination of her small head.

"In the mean time," said I to myself, "I have the horse-shoe with five nails. Doubtless the millennium is at hand—perhaps it's hiding just around the corner of the house."

I went to look. If the millennium was concealed somewhere among the flower-beds I did not find it.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE RENDEZVOUS.

Containing examples of phenomena peculiar to healthy-minded young men in love; also the results of an experiment in doing yourself what you despise in others.

THE next morning I awoke to the ear-splitting pæon of a peacock, an imperious bird, who stood on the marble terrace and saluted the rising sun in a voice as metallic as his own plumage. The sun stared above the forest like the red, smoky lens of a light-house, pulsating with hidden fires; and all around the blue ashes of the night faded to gray, to pearl, and then, once more afire, glowed and scattered into flecks of silver, saffron, and rose.

In spite of the sunrise and the peacock, I would gladly have gone to sleep again, but a small bird—species unnoted, and probably unimportant to anybody except the bird itself—came and sat on my window-ledge, and twittered and peeped and piped and trilled, until nervous astonishment drove me to investigate my tormentor. When it saw me it said, "Tweet! twe-et!"

The bird was ridiculously small to make such noises and of so many kinds. It had a dove-colored head, with black cheeks and salmon-tinted under-garments. Music appeared to spurt from it as water sprays from a leaky hose.

After a while it flitted away; and I, all desire for sleep extinguished by the shower of gratuitous melody, sat down at the open window, and, chin on hand, gazed into the vague blue woodland where the ghosts of the night mist drifted—tall sheeted spectres of pond and stream returning to the clouds again. On the dim lawn below, as yet unwarmed by the mist-shot sun, two magpies quarrelled and chased each other through the dew, until the French bull-dog Flic charged them with hysterical yelps and unwarranted faith in his bandy-legs.

The château, so far as its human tenants were concerned, was silent. However, I bathed and dressed, determined to pay Prince Edric a sunrise visit and shame him for a naturalist and a soldier.

As I descended the terrace, the peacock, all shimmering in metallic golden greens and purples, puffed out his sapphire breast, clicked his tail open like a fan, and, chocolate-colored wings trailing, slowly pivoted, displaying a rear view not at all remarkable. I wonder why it is that peacocks do that?

Flic came and sniffed at my gaiters. Perhaps he respected the odor of guns and game that clung to my shooting-jacket, for he did not bite me. However, he ignored my invitation for a forest stroll, and I went on alone over the dew-drenched lawn and down the road to the forest.

As I walked I thought of the Countess as I had seen her the night before—silent, perhaps preoccupied, perhaps the contrary, but always sufficiently alert to ignore me completely. Not that she had the bad taste to show it pointedly; she accomplished it without effort and without embarrassing me. Perhaps it cut more deeply on that account, although I was the only one present who appreciated her artistic isolation—so far as she was concerned.

"It is more expensive to revenge injuries than to bear them," thought I to myself; although to those rich in vengeance a mere matter of expense is nothing. I suppose she'll do it sooner or later; patience and meditation work miracles—and the Pope's mule waited seven years to kick.

It was a mean metaphor, even for a man.

As I walked along the Wiltz road, reflectively chewing a grass-stem, it occurred to me that the world was too fair, too fresh and innocent, too peaceful for hatred and sadness. I looked at the foliage arching the moist forest road; I saw the sun's jewels flash in dew-soaked spiders' films on wet bushes and diamond-crusted grass-blades; I heard mottled wood-birds trilling the happiness of living; I heard the still movements of a million tiny things awakening to life and motion. And sounds and color and form and movement united in one vast, silent, thrilling harmony, a hymn of praise, praising the ecstasy of living.

"If a man can feel that way before breakfast," thought I, "he may not perhaps be fit for paradise, but he certainly wouldn't make a bad husband. Oh, Amyce! Amyce!"

This may sound sentimental, unless you remember that "this is the forest of Arden."

"Thank Heaven for that!" said I, aloud; "if Arden is a lover's asylum, it is much pleasanter than other resorts for incurables."

About this time, my madness being upon me, I began to recite aloud as I walked:

> Her breath, like to the whispering winde,
> Was calm as thought, sweete as her minde;
> Her lips, like coral gates, kept in
> The perfume and the pearls within;
> Her eyes, a double-flaming torch,
> That always shine and never scorch;
> Herselfe, the Heav'n in which did meet
> The all of bright, of fair and sweet.

And I meant every word of it, too; and though the Countess Amyce was doubtless still dreaming peacefully—perhaps of my future discomfiture—I bravely celebrated her:

> Up with the jolly bird of light
> Who sounds his third retreat to-night,
> Fair Amyce, from her snowy bed,
> Ashamèd starts and rises red
> As the carnation-mantled morn.

I waved one hand and continued:

> So like the Provance rose she walkt
> Flowered with blush, with verdure stalkt;
> Th' officious wind her loose hayre curls,
> The dewe her happy linen purls,
> But wets a tress, which instantly
> Sol with a crisping beame doth dry.

But mere recitation was not enough; song alone could relieve my swelling heart. And I carolled lustily, as I had often chanted, the famous Seventh Cavalry anthem of "Barney Riley":

> Sing out, pent souls, sing cheerfully!
> Care shackles you in liberty;
> Mirth frees you in captivity.
> Would you double fetters adde?
> Else why so sadde?

Before I had finished the last bar I stood in front of Wiltz Lodge, Prince Edric's modest retreat. And I might have sung the second verse had not Prince Edric opened a shutter, and leaned out with an annoyed questioning expression that discouraged me.

When he saw who it was he laughed, rubbed his sleep-dimmed eyes, stifled a yawn, laughed again, and said: "O Orlando Furioso, enter into thy heritage!

> Pray, Orlando, don't turn back!
> Share the cottage
> And the pottage
> Of thy melancholy Jacques!

which is as good verse as you can expect from a drowsy German, eh?"

A squatty, blond servant, with no perceptible eyebrows, and a shock of colorless hair clipped Pompadour, opened the door for me, but I preferred to sit on the stone piazza outside until Edric had tubbed and groomed himself.

"Hungry?" he inquired, buttoning his collar and leaning out of the broad window beside me.

"Not at all," I said, sarcastically; "I never eat anything—except my words, now and then."

"Oho! Have you breakfasted? Guten appetit!"

"Thanks. I once said there were no good Germans but dead Germans. I'll eat those words as an appetizer; but, for Heaven's sake, hurry breakfast!"

The breakfast was chocolate, tartines à la campagne, peaches, grapes, melons, and the sweet water of the Ardennes springs, limpid and icy.

Edric, lounging thoughtfully in a piazza chair, watched me manage a tartine in a manner peculiar to the peasantry of Normandy.

"That's right," he said; "it's barbarous, but delicious. Who cares what an imbecile civilization thinks?"

"I don't—just now," I said, brandishing another tartine.

The canary-tinted servant, whose name was Nicola, came to remove the cloth and deposit finger-bowls, but Edric said, "Set 'em down and go away, and do something somewhere."

"Where?" asked Nicola, bewildered.

"Where? I told you to do something somewhere or anything anywhere, didn't I?"

And Nicola, a trifle wild-eyed, began to roam about in an aimless daze, until he encountered a doorway, which he mechanically entered, and disappeared for the rest of the morning.

Edric lighted his cigar and asked me how I liked Wilverwiltz; and I told him, omitting all reference to the Countess.

"Yes," he said, "the Duchess is charming. It's a pity Athel can't appreciate her. As for the others, they're well enough—"

"Well enough!" I repeated, a trifle incensed that he should include Amyce in "well enough."

"Don't you think so? Have you met the Countess of Wilverwiltz?"

"Yes, I've met her," I said.

"Yesterday she drove me in her trap all over the forest," said Edric, resentfully. "I had intended to search for the kestrel's nest that Nicola says contains young. I wanted to identify a feather I found in the woods, too, but—well, I drove a trap."

I could have beaten him. Fancy a man mousing about after birds and feathers when he could drive in a trap with a wingless angel!

"What's the matter with you?" he asked.

"Oh, it's the forest of Arden, I suppose," I answered; "I'm looking for Rosalind."

"I found her—once," he said, in a low voice.

I looked curiously around the wood and stone house, for it was here that Prince Edric had met his fate—the beautiful Luxembourg peasant girl. And I knew it was because of her memory that he had come to live in van Tassel's lodge, here in the Ardennes forest.

"What is the use of searching the world for a woman whose name I do not know?" he asked. "If she has once been here, perhaps she will come again."

"It is strange," I ventured, "that you can find no trace of her in this vicinity."

He replied, simply: "It is very strange. Nobody within miles recognizes my description; nobody ever heard of van Tassel's niece. I am, little by little, scouring the whole province. It may take many months. After that—after I am once certain she is not in Luxembourg—I shall search the towns."

"And then?"

"I don't know," he said.

The sad shadows under his eyes began to deepen; he stared at a patch of sunshine on the piazza floor, where a silver-bronzed beetle—a Buprestis, I believe—stood investigating a crack in the boards with tiny restless antennæ.

To divert his thoughts I advanced an absurd theory concerning the functions of coleoptera antennæ, and he was lured into a discussion that ended with a magnifying-glass and the temporary imprisonment of the astonished silver-bronze Buprestis.

"All right," I said; "fads are pills to purge melancholy, and the devil hires the unemployed."

"Do his wages suit?" asked Edric, maliciously.

"Oh, you've heard that I am temporarily unemployed because your government wants to know, you know—eh? Well, my bacteriological friend, the hardest work is to wait for a chance to work. So I'm very busy. Good-by."

He walked a few steps with me, holding the silver Buprestis on the back of his hand.

"What about my extradition?" he said.

"Nothing. There's no law for it, and his Excellency stands to back up the government."

He held out his hand, palm down. After a moment the silver beetle clicked open its polished elytra and sailed away into the sunshine.

"See how my riches take wings!" he said; "like my hopes—"

"Pooh!" I observed, "all that glitters isn't beetles; you can catch another specimen by sitting still on your own porch. Edric, you are morbid." We shook hands, after a second's hesitation.

"I saw old Vossburg in the woods yesterday," he said. "He disappeared like a fat gray rat in a sewer."

"The deuce you did!" I cried, disagreeably startled.

"It was inevitable," continued the Prince, shrugging his broad shoulders. "I did not expect to hide, nor do I wish to; but now, thank God! my front door is *my* door, and when I shut it I needn't explain why to a court martial."

There was a brief silence; then I said, "You are alone here?"

"Well, upon my word!" he murmured, much amused. "You are not worrying about that, are you?"

"No," said I; "any man as handy with a revolver as you are—"

He reddened, and I spared him, for it was a sore point, and he hated to be eulogized as "Edric, the Robber Prince of the Rhine."

He promised, however, to keep an eye on any prowling German emissaries, and again we shook hands warmly, he turning back to his cottage, I walking briskly into the woods.

I had been swinging along for ten minutes, perhaps, taking a longer road instead of the straight Wiltz route, when, directly ahead of me, I saw Vossburg and Wiepert, sitting on the grassy bank beside the road, absorbed in conversation.

The soft bark path had not carried the sound of my footsteps to their ears. I stepped back instinctively, and as I watched them through the bushes at the bend of the road, I was certain they had not noticed me.

The very sight of that uncanny old man repelled me, and Wiepert's rusty, sepulchral visage was scarcely more edifying. What were those unpleasant old birds about? They were hatching something between them. Probably, like a pair of cuckoos, the schemes they laid were to be hatched by nobler birds.

"William the Sudden is up to more mischief," thought I. "His Excellency must know that these vagabonds have appeared in Wilverwiltz."

I have no appetite for spying. I should, no doubt, have gone on and asked them their business had not a thing occurred that startled me into prudence; for, before I could emerge from my thicket of filbert-bushes, the Countess of Wilverwiltz, superbly mounted, dashed around the bend of the road at a gallop, and drew bridle directly beside that pair of vagabonds. It was unmistakably a rendezvous.

They stood at the side of her horse, hat in hand, and though the distance was too far for me to understand what they said, I could see that they were eagerly communicating to her something that she found most interesting.

For ten minutes the conversation continued, the Countess leaning forward as though listening to words that alternately amazed and angered her. At times she touched her horse impatiently with the loop on her riding-crop, and the spirited mare resented it. I wished the horse might quietly kick that pair of jail-birds into eternity.

It amazed me to see the Countess of Wilverwiltz hobnobbing with German spies; it angered and sickened me, too; and I would gladly have wriggled out of the bushes and gone back the other way, but I did not care to be caught emerging from such a hiding-place, for I knew the Countess would not spare me.

Then, too, if I had not feared she might misunderstand my motive, I should have gone out and taken a hand in the proceedings. For those spies—Vossburg, at all events—had committed a murderous assault on Prince Edric. Yet, even if I had been alone, how was I, unarmed, to arrest that loathsome old man? I couldn't strike him; his bloated head of white woolly hair forbade it. I couldn't menace him, for I had no pistol. As for dragging him to Wilverwiltz, that was out of the question; his unnatural strength prevented it.

My patience was almost at an end, when at last the Countess straightened up in her saddle, shook out her bridle, and galloped down the road, straight past my clump of bushes, and away into the forest towards Wiltz.

Vossburg and Wiepert crossed the road immediately and entered the dense forest, perhaps by some hidden *sentier* that I could not see. At any rate, they disappeared almost as quickly as the Countess; and I, puzzled, suspicious, angry, and disgusted, pulled myself out of the filbert covert and started for the château.

"He that proves too much proves nothing," thought I; "and also it is probably true that he who proves nothing proves too much for his own health—where the Countess of Wilverwiltz is concerned. I'll think a great deal, but I doubt if I say much to anybody except his Excellency."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SAMOA IN WAR-TIME. *By Malcolm Ross*

ILLUSTRATED FROM ORIGINAL PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY THE AUTHOR

I.—APIA HARBOR

WE steam past the beautiful little westward islets and along the shore of Upolu, with the white break on its circling coral reef, full speed, till, rounding the last point, we come in sight of the semicircular bay, behind which, amid its tall palms and shady talea-trees, historic Apia stews and swelters in a tropic haze. War-ships, like watch-dogs on the chain, strain at their cables in the harbor. Shoreward the white houses gleam through gaps in the greenery, the flags of the three nations wave above the hidden consulates. Biggest and boldest of all is the flag of the German Firm.

There is no real harbor here—only a gap in the reef, where the coral is killed by the fresh waters of the Mulivai and the Vaisingano. There is reef inside and reef outside—danger on all hands; for the long roll of the Pacific in stress of weather thunders right up to the beach, and the rusting ribs and plates of the *Adler*, the German flag-ship of 1889, pitched high on the inside reef, stare us in the face, a forceful reminder of the fearful hurricane that rent six war-ships and ten other vessels to pieces, and sent 142 officers and men of the German and American navies to their last long sleep.

Ten years have come and gone, but peace has not come to these islands. German intrigue has led to another war; the ships of the nations look askance at each other in the harbor of Apia, and the blood of white sailors—British and American this time—has been spilt on Samoan soil. There have been plots, lying, and treachery, and only those who have been through it all can say how much. But German designs have once more ended in failure, owing to the prompt and manly action taken by British consul Maxse and Captain Sturdee of her Majesty's ship *Porpoise*, in the first instance, and by Admiral Kautz of the United States flag-ship *Philadelphia* in the second instance. The Germans thought that in Consul Maxse and Captain Sturdee they had two soft, easy-going Englishmen to deal with. They scratched a Cossack and found a Tartar in each case. With the admiral it was the same. He proved to be an able, clear-headed man, who quickly grasped the situation and got to windward of the German consul every time; and as the British will feel proud of Captain Sturdee and Consul Maxse, so also, I feel sure, will every patriotic citizen of the United States who values truth, humanity, and honest dealing have a word of praise for Admiral Kautz. If ever his correspondence with the German consul-general is given to the world it should prove interesting and probably entertaining reading. There is one other man whose name will not be forgotten in the history of Samoa, and that is Chief-Justice Chambers. Through all this trouble he has maintained a calm and dignified attitude, never swerving for one moment from the path of truth and justice, though both his position and his life have been threatened.

As for the Samoans themselves, they are simply puppets—a simple, peaceable, and good-natured people, dragged at the heels of all this treachery and double-dealing. Their history will make an interesting page in the story of the world. It is strange in many ways; and, as R. L. Stevenson has written, "for all its actuality and the part played in it by mails and telegraph and iron war-ships, the ideas and the manners of the native actors date back before the Roman Empire. In most points they are the contemporaries of our tattooed ancestors, who drove their chariots on the wrong side of the Roman wall."

This was very much as I found the Samoan warrior when I arrived in Apia in January last, except that perhaps heredity and the influence of a summer clime and abundance of food had made him less fierce.

II.—A VISIT TO MATAAFA

MATAAFA is not a warrior. He certainly impresses one by his calm demeanor and his chieftainlike behavior; but he seems to be under the thumb of the French Catholic priests, and when you scrutinize him closely you will notice a shifty look in his eye that will lead you to deal warily with the old chief. When I first saw him he was in Mulinuu, which is supposed to be the seat of the kings, though as a matter of fact the questionable luxury of kingship was unknown to the Samoans till the modern missionary put the idea into their heads.

On the way we passed many Mataafa warriors—fine big fellows they were—striding along with heads erect and swinging gait. They were barefooted and bareheaded—indeed, more than half naked—but their bronzed limbs and bodies harmonized splendidly with the colored *lava-lavas*, or loin-cloths, they wore. They had not yet put on their war-paint nor their white caps. On our left, at the neck of the peninsula, is the modern weather-boarded house of Malietoa, the late king, and beside it the graves of the German soldiers killed and beheaded by Mataafa ten years ago. It was the Kaiser's birthday, and the monument was decorated with wreaths and green leaves. Strange that Mataafa, who cut off the heads of these poor soldiers but such a short time ago, should now be hand-in-glove with Germany; but it shows to what straits the German diplomats in Samoa were put. They had tried to win over Tamasese, the present Vice-King, to their side, but in this they failed. Tamasese, who is a fine, manly, frank fellow, himself told me that the Germans had promised him that he should be king if he would only make an agreement with them giving the Germans full control in the islands.

CHIEF-JUSTICE CHAMBERS OF SAMOA.

We found Mataafa sitting on a mat in the King's house. On a wall, where a small portion of the side of the house was boarded in, hung a photograph of a group of German naval officers, and above it a gaudily ornamented picture of the Virgin on a background of blue peppered with gold stars—for Mataafa is a strict Roman Catholic. From one of the central pillars of the house hung a modern rifle. On the floor beside the chief was a cheap mahogany-framed mirror, a lamp without a chimney, and a tin-enamelled mug and water-carafe. The surroundings could be taken in at a glance; but the man himself arrested the attention. There was a calm dignity of manner about him as he sat there cross-legged on his mat, a large *lava-lava* of tappa covering his spacious loins and waist. His short-cropped gray hair and mustache showed signs of advancing age, and perchance of his five years' banishment in the island of Jaluit. He seemed a man of strong personality as he sat there, with inscrutable face, and fine head poised above a brave chest and big breasts, every now and then swishing the flies away with his ebon-handled *fue* of horse tail; but all the time there was that shifty look of the eye, and we know now that, for all his grand air, he is a very babe in politics, and too apt to be made the puppet of priests and prime ministers in this puppet principality.

On our second visit we found the old chief silent and sullen. The affairs of state weighed heavily on his shoulders, and his chiefs, instead of being ruled by him, now told him their wishes. As we entered the house with our interpreter, Mataafa was reclining on a mat, his head on a low bamboo trestle—the Samoan pillow. A little child played near him. His face wore a more serious air than formerly, and our interpreter told us afterwards that he had been hearing things that had made him less satisfied with his German advisers. He rose to a sitting posture and welcomed us. The little child was taken away, and in its place came a mongrel fox-terrier and a bright-plumed parrot, that walked quickly across the mats and clambered into the thatch of the roof. Mataafa would not talk on politics, so the conversation drifted into ordinary channels, and we told him strange stories of wireless telegraphy, the Röntgen rays, and such things, to which he listened wonderingly.

III.—THE KING AND HIS PROTECTORS

TANU, the present King, is quite a boy, still in his teens, and the affairs of state sit quite as lightly on his shoulders as they weighed heavily on Mataafa's during his brief reign as Samoan head of the provisional government. You may see him any day in Mulinuu playing marbles with the lads of the village, or even with some of the chiefs of his kingdom. But he has the blood of kings in his veins, for he is a son of Malietoa, the late ruler of the islands, and, whatever may be said to the contrary, he has been duly elected King according to the laws and customs of Samoa and in accordance with the Berlin treaty. He is a quiet-spoken, pleasant lad, with not a great deal of character in his face; but it is possible that, though there is nothing of the warrior about him, he may develop into a man of good discretion and sound judgment.

But in any case the kingship of Samoa is only a farce. The spectacle of a German president of a petty municipality drawing $4000 a year, and of a King with an allowance of only $600, is ludicrous in the extreme.

When Admiral Kautz arrived, and it was possible for Great Britain and America to act together, Mataafa and his people got notice to return peaceably to their homes. They did leave Mulinuu, but the now celebrated proclamation of the German consul declaring that the admiral's proclamation was untrue emboldened the rebels to intrench themselves in the forest well within the municipality. Then came the inevitable, and punctually at 1 P.M. on Wednesday, the 15th of March, the three-minute guns on the *Philadelphia* boomed forth, the white ensign flung out on the breeze at the mast-head of the British ship *Porpoise*, and the siren sounded a long, low, plaintive wail—the signal for the towns-people to seek refuge on board the war-ships. Then along the lengthy winding street of Apia poured a stream of brown humanity. Men, women, and children, solemn-faced for the most part, passed in the long procession—the lame, the halt, and the blind helped along by friends or relatives.

Meanwhile the white residents of Apia were hurrying into boats and making for the war-ships, which were to be their haven of refuge for several days. British and American guards, with rifles and field-guns, were stationed at the consulates in the centre of the town, and also at Mulinuu. Presently, when all those who were anxious for their safety had reached the ships or entered the village of Mulinuu, the British ship *Royalist* opened fire with her 5-inch guns, sending her shells into the forest about a mile behind the town. The *Philadelphia*, followed with a bombardment of Vaiusu, where Mataafa and many of his men were supposed to be; and the *Porpoise*, bent on business farther up the coast, left her moorings and steamed slowly out of Apia Harbor. As she passed the *Philadelphia*, the Americans gave her three rousing cheers, which we could hear distinctly on shore half a mile away, and their band struck up "God Save the Queen." Mulinuu presented a strange sight. Instead of the provisional government and its attendant satellites sitting in solemn conclave or passing the hours in chieftainly idleness, refugees crowded the village to overflowing, eating cocoanuts or chewing sugar-cane, while Tamasese, the Vice-King, strutted about amongst his red-turbaned troops, and the Americans mounted guard or worked their machine-guns at the neck of the narrow peninsula. Two defective shells from the *Philadelphia* struck the American and German consulates, and an American marine was so badly wounded that he afterwards died. The shelling was of course all so much guess-work, for none knew where the enemy was located.

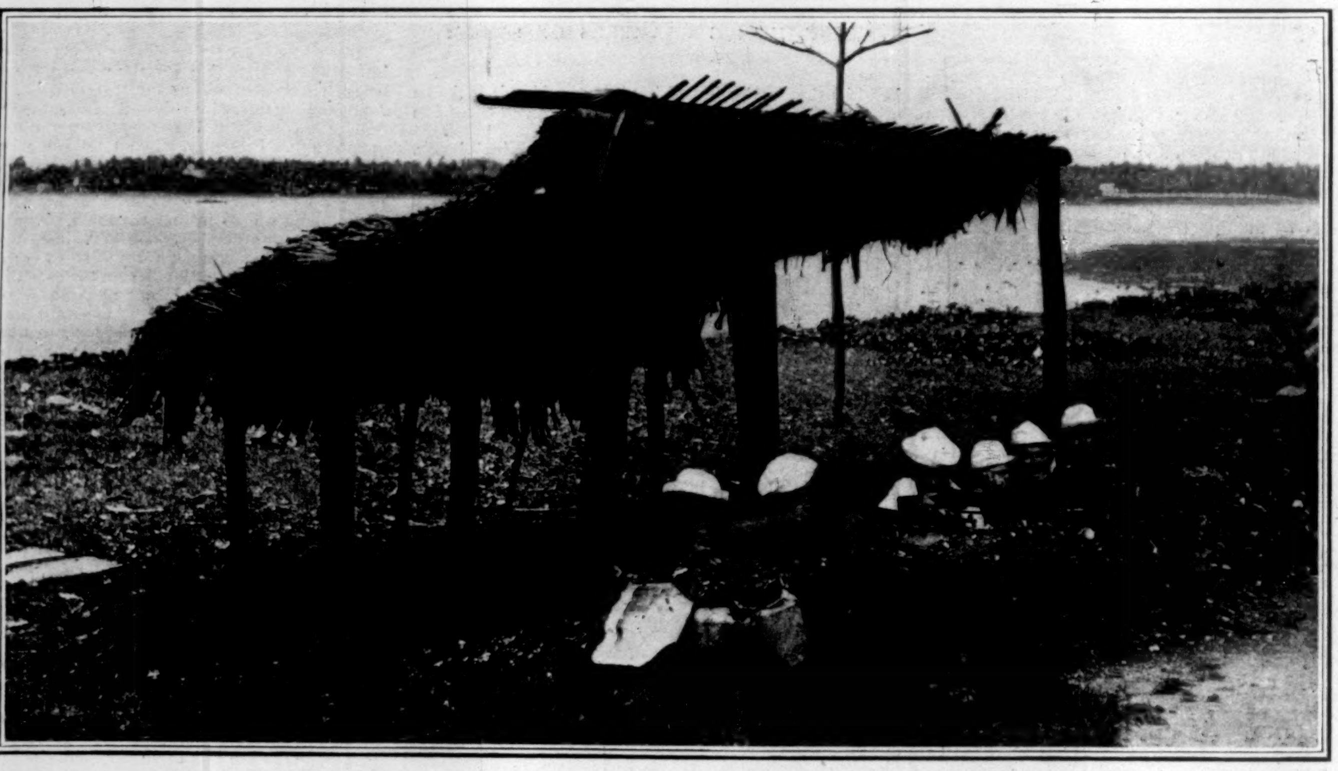
IV.—STIRRING INCIDENTS

FOR a time we had nightly attacks on the main guard in the town under cover of the darkness, and a few British and American sentries were shot dead or wounded at their posts. Then there were most desperate attacks made on the consulates. At the British consulate in particular the fire was often very hot, the rebels creeping

Vaea Mountain, on which R. L. Stevenson is buried.

AMERICAN BATTERY AT WORK ON MULINUU.

MALIETOAN TRENCHES CLOSE BEHIND THE TOWN.

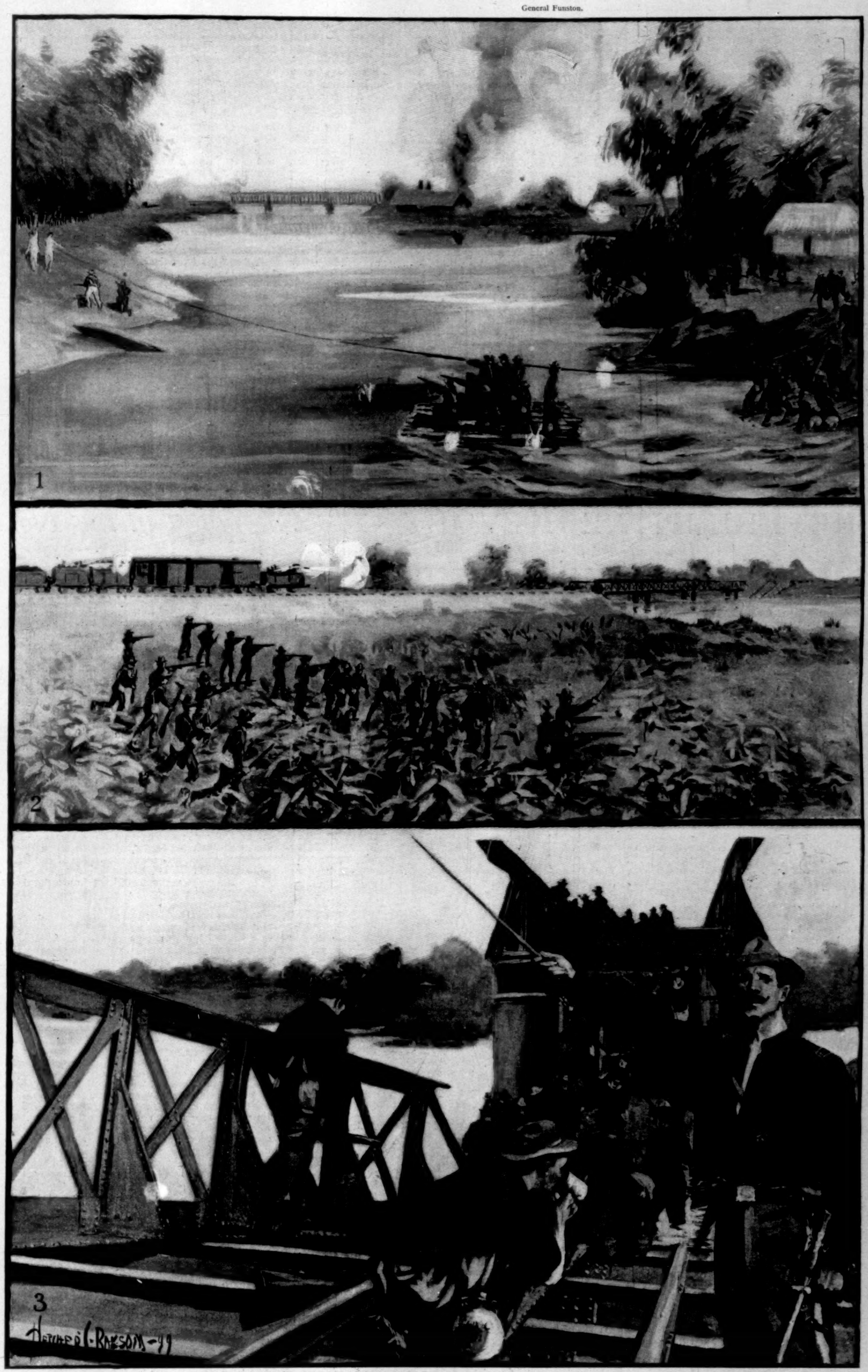


AMERICAN TRENCH AND SHELTER ON THE MAIN STREET, MULINUU.

SAMOA—INCIDENTS OF THE RECENT FIGHTING OVER THE KINGSHIP.

PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.—[SEE PAGE 645.]

General Funston.



THE PHILIPPINES—THREE INSTANCES OF THE SUPERB COURAGE OF THE AMERICAN TROOPS.

Drawn by Fletcher C. Ransom from Sketches made from Life by J. B. McCutcheon.—[See Page 648.]

1. Colonel (now Brigadier-General) Funston's famous Passage over the Rio Grande under a hot Fire, April 27—the two white Figures on the extreme Left are Privates White and Trembly, who swam the River and fastened the Ferry-rope to the Shore. 2. Charging Insurgent Earth-works beyond the Bagbag River, April 25; Skirmishers supporting armored Train. 3. Advancing over half-destroyed Railroad Bridge near Santo Tomas, May 4.

down under cover of the forest and the darkness to within thirty yards of the house.

The British ships went east and west along the coast on punitive expeditions, burning rebel villages and capturing or destroying rebel boats. Armed cutters from the *Philadelphia* and the British ships rowed along the coast, while a band of a hundred friendly natives under Lieutenant Gaunt landed and burned the villages.

All this time the rebels had been carrying things with a high hand, and playing sad havoc with European property. Not content with looting the houses, they smashed and cut up everything they could not carry away. Some men who had toiled years to make themselves a comfortable home were ruined. Nearly all the cattle, pigs, and fowls of the British and American residents were also killed; but so far no German property was touched, though at a later stage Mataafa and his chiefs had so little control over their men that even the houses of their German friends were looted.

At length matters quieted down somewhat, and the American and the British authorities made a bold stroke and crowned King Tanu at Mulinuu.

After the coronation nothing of much importance happened till the arrival of the British ship *Tauranga*, when Captain Leslie Stuart became the senior naval officer of the British forces. To a new-comer it was of course strange that Mataafa could not be made to submit without all this display of force, and at Captain Stuart's desire he was given one more chance. In the interests of peace the services of the priests of the French Catholic mission were also enlisted, but all without avail. Mataafa would not yield. Indeed, his men treated this, as they had most other proclamations, contemptuously. They looted more houses, they burned and tore up bridges on the main road, and spent much time in erecting barricades and forts, and all because the German consul had urged them to wait till another mail came in for the long-deferred decision of the powers.

A flying column of British and American marines and bluejackets and some friendly natives had been pushing farther and farther inland along the bush roads, and day after day passed without any opposition. We were beginning to think that there was no fight in the rebels, when suddenly, on April 1, our small force was attacked by about a thousand Mataafa warriors, cleverly planted in ambush on the German plantation of Vailele. The attack came first from the rear, and almost simultaneously came firing all along the left of the line, as well as from the front. The Colt automatic gun which the Americans had with them, and which was capable of firing 450 rounds a minute, was brought quickly to bear by Lieutenant Lansdale, but it suddenly jammed, and the bullets of the enemy poured into the column from three sides, so that our men could find no shelter even behind the cocoanut trees with which the plantation is studded. Several men dropped under the hot fire of the enemy, and Lieutenant Lansdale, the executive officer of the *Philadelphia*, had his leg shattered by a rebel bullet while endeavoring to fix up the disabled gun. Some of the officers and men wanted to charge, but that would have been of little avail. Indeed, a charge would have probably meant the surrounding of the whole force, and the cutting off of the only line of retreat. And so the British and the Americans fought on shoulder to shoulder, till it became obvious that safety lay only in retreat.

Lansdale and brave Ensign Monaghan by some means or other got left behind. They were probably lost sight of in the trees or the long grass of the plantation. For a time a sailor was with them, but his ammunition was exhausted, and Lansdale, now badly wounded, asked his comrades to save themselves. The sailor went, but Monaghan refused to budge, and continued to help along his superior officer whose leg was shattered. The rest is soon told. They found his body next day, not far from Lansdale's. Both had their heads cut off. Between the two lay a dead Mataafa warrior. Two other dead men lay near; and Lansdale, in addition to his shattered leg, had now a bullet through his heart. It was easy to read the story. The brave young ensign, surrounded by the rebels, fought till the last, and not till his comrade was shot dead did he think of retreat. And I have no manner of doubt that it was his rifle or revolver that had accounted for the three dead Samoans who lay near. The American navy lost two brave officers, but the American nation is the richer for a story that will live in history.

After this the Americans, who had apparently received orders from Washington not to risk further loss of life, did not let their men go out on any expeditions; but young Gaunt and three of the other British officers persevered with the Malietoa army, now armed with 700 modern rifles, and they certainly made a wonderful change in them. They would now not only follow the lead of a white officer, but stand fire for hours at a time. A notable example of this occurred in the second battle of Vailima, when we lost six killed and sixteen wounded. The enemy were driven from one line of forts to another right in front of Stevenson's house. From the latter—a model of strength and of excellent design—they were at length driven by a hot bombardment from the ships in harbor at pretty long range. The shells were planted with splendid accuracy in front of and around Stevenson's house, and the rebels, taken by surprise, suffered considerably.

A few days later the enemy was located by Gaunt's brigade in a series of still stronger forts on the other side of Vaea Mountain. There was a brisk but indecisive skirmish, in which we lost one man and had three wounded. A modern four-inch gun was now mounted where it commanded the whole line of these forts, so that it would have been an easy matter to have coped with the rebels in this direction. Gaunt was ready with his brigade to follow up any advantage gained by this gun. He had now some seven hundred men, armed with the best rifles, and a thousand others with the old rifles, so that Mataafa's army, which is really not nearly so numerous as the Germans tried to make out, would have had a pretty warm time of it. However, just at the critical stage the diplomats had come to the conclusion that they could settle the matter with a High Commission, and despatches arrived to stop the fighting.

THE PHILIPPINE REVOLT—*The Campaign in the North*

By John F. Bass, Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly"

I.—NEBRASKANS AT QUINGUA

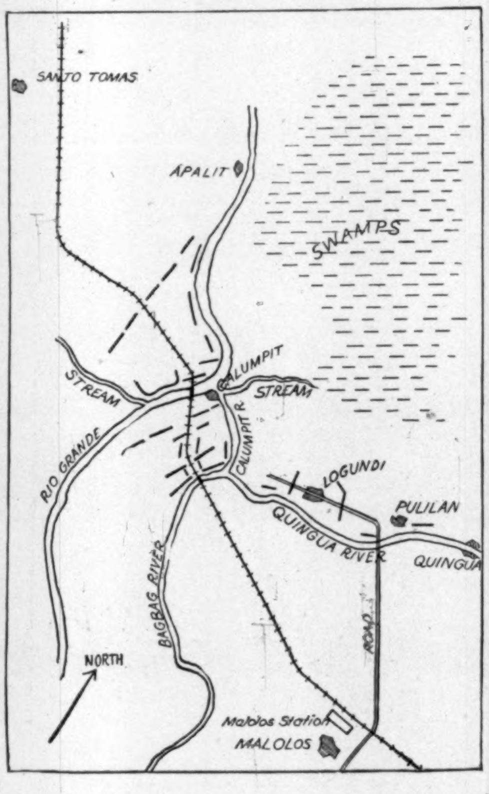
MANILA, *April 28.*

AFTER Malolos had been taken the optimists in the American army hoped that the fighting was over. Willing always to do his duty when called upon, the American soldier will be only too glad when this unfortunate war has come to a conclusion. Some prisoners had reported that Aguinaldo would surrender if our troops succeeded in taking his capital. This hearsay evidence proved misleading. The fall of Malolos meant little to the insurgents, and they moved their capital further back, and, as subsequent events showed, began digging trenches with undiminished energy.

During General Lawton's expedition to Santa Cruz on the Laguna de Bay, Malolos had been made a new base of supplies. All these supplies were brought up by railroad trains—for on investigation it was found that the bars at the mouths of the rivers in that district prevent any water communication with Manila during the dry season. The railroad had therefore to be protected, and small bodies of the Oregon and Minnesota regiments were placed at short intervals along the track from Manila to Malolos. The plan of campaign this time was to advance in two parallel columns—one along the railroad line, and the other near the hills on the east. In this way it was hoped to corner a large number of insurgents between the two columns, or to drive them out of the valley into the hills. General Lawton was put in command of the column which was to march along the base of the hills. He started on Saturday, April 22. General MacArthur's command consisted of two brigades—that of General Hale, South Dakota, Iowa, and Nebraska, on the east; that of General Wheaton, Kansas and Montana, on the west. The Pennsylvania regiment had been sent to Cavite, and parts of the Oregon and Minnesota regiments, under the separate command of Colonel Summers, were waiting at Bocave to start across country towards Norzagaray, where they were to join General Lawton's division.

On April 23, Major Bell with sixty-one men of the Fourth Cavalry, under command of Lieutenant Rutherford, went northeast to reconnoitre the enemy's position at Quingua. This body left the American lines at three in the morning. They advanced in a direct line on the town of Quingua, and at about daybreak drew the fire of the enemy. The reconnoitring party must have advanced well into the enemy's territory, for it soon became apparent that the insurgents were trying to surround them. From front and right and left the insurgent fire came. As far as the Americans could tell, the enemy's trenches were in a V shape, into the centre of which the small band had been advancing. Here two or three of the Fourth Cavalry were killed, and their comrades found it difficult to carry away the bodies. The insurgents evidently estimated the American force as small, for they kept closing in, and the fire became so hot that the body of one of the troopers of the Fourth Cavalry had to be left behind. It was hidden carefully in the bushes, and then the Americans withdrew rapidly from a position that was no longer tenable, and where they would undoubtedly have been captured or shot down had they remained. Major Bell states that the fire was the hottest he had ever experienced. The insurgents drew in closer and closer, following the little band of Americans, and it was with the greatest difficulty that Major Bell and his command succeeded in getting through the narrow gap between the insurgent flanking parties before the circle was completed.

In the mean time Major Mulford of the Nebraska regiment, temporarily in command on account of the absence of Colonel Stotsenburg in Manila, awakened by the heavy firing, started to find out what the matter was. He was under the impression that the Iowa regiment were firing at an imaginary enemy, as most troops do when they first come into active service. On arriving at the Iowa lines, however, he discovered that the shooting was further east, beyond our lines, and at once realized that his immediate help might be needed. He therefore sent back for one battalion of the Nebraska regiment, and with them went forward towards the point where the firing came from. On the way he met an orderly riding back to Malolos with



OPERATIONS AROUND MALOLOS.

a report of the state of things. He gave orders to this man to send forward the rest of the Nebraska regiment, and the Hotchkiss gun in charge of a detachment of Nebraska soldiers. He also sent a request to General Hale for some of the heavier field-pieces. A little further along Major Mulford met Major Bell and the troop of the Fourth Cavalry coming in. A hurried consultation was held. Major Bell was in favor of advancing and taking these insurgent trenches, which heretofore were unknown to us.

Major Mulford was unwilling to follow Major Bell's plans, as he feared, by making an attack on such a strong insurgent position, that he would bring on a general engagement before the appointed time. He agreed, however, to move forward to recover, if possible, the body of the cavalryman which had been left behind. The search was begun, but although they found the clump of bushes where the soldier had been hidden, he was not there. Further investigation showed that the body had been dragged out into the road and down towards the insurgent position. The Americans followed up the track, in the hope of catching the insurgents before they reached their line of trenches. After this fashion the troop of cavalry advanced towards Quingua, and finally reached the end of a grove of trees, one thousand yards beyond which were the insurgent trenches. At this point the insurgents unluckily caught sight of the Americans, and opened a heavy fire on them. The troops took refuge as best they could in the woods, but still they were under severe fire and really found little protection. To retire a second time before the insurgents would have given most undesirable encouragement to the insurgent army. After consultation, therefore, it was decided that the taking of these insurgent trenches had become a military necessity. Major Mulford, realizing that more troops were necessary, sent back for the remaining battalion of the Nebraska regiment, and asked that some of the Utah guns be hurried out.

The Nebraska regiment did not return the fire of the enemy. Their position in the woods was far from satisfactory, and several were wounded. Just ahead of the woods, towards the insurgent trenches, was a ditch, which, while giving no protection from the hot sun, would afford excellent shelter from Mauser bullets. Two companies of Nebraska moved into these natural trenches, and lay there under fire without shooting, while the rest of the battalion spread themselves through the grove. The Fourth Cavalry took shelter in a ravine a little to the rear and left, where they could meet any flank movement of the enemy and still be protected from the insurgent fire from the trenches.

The small Hotchkiss gun swung around a good way to the right, taking up a position well beyond where the American troops were, in order not to draw the volleys of the insurgents on the spot where our men lay more or less unprotected. This gun opened fire and pounded away at the insurgent trenches, with no other visible result than to increase the furious volleys from the enemy.

Nearly all of the Nebraska troops were moved out into the open, and as the sun grew hotter the position was well-nigh unbearable. A sergeant came back from the ditch and told Major Mulford that many of the men were in danger of sunstroke, and begged permission for them to come back into the grove. Major Mulford pointed out to him that to crowd the whole Nebraska regiment into one small grove of trees seemed exposing their lives to the fire of the insurgents unnecessarily; that more troops would soon be along, when a forward movement was likely to be made. If, however, the men were really in danger of sunstroke, they might come back one by one. The sergeant returned to the ditch, and the men decided that they preferred to suffer from the hot sun rather than be exposed to Mauser fire.

General Hale came up, and after having the situation explained to him, agreed that Majors Bell and Mulford had decided rightly in not retreating from the enemy's front a second time, as such an action might reasonably be interpreted by the Filipinos as a victory.

Four Utah guns, under command of Major Young, came lumbering up and swung into position side by side along the road, and began to pound the insurgent's position. The latter stuck with pertinacity to their trenches, and it was apparent that some time would elapse before the infantry would go forward to charge the enemy's position. Under these conditions General Hale decided to

withdraw the Nebraska regiment out of the broiling sun back into the woods. At that moment Colonel Stotsenburg appeared on the field and started out towards the extreme right of his line. He had left Manila on the morning train, and on arriving at Malolos and hearing that his regiment had been unexpectedly brought into action, he had hurried to them as rapidly as possible. General Hale, seeing the colonel going across the open towards the right of his line, sent Lieutenant Rutherford with an order to the colonel to withdraw his men from the ditch into the woods. To understand what followed one must know that Colonel Stotsenburg was not only one of the best regimental commanders on the island, but he had become, during the past few months of fighting, greatly beloved of his men. No colonel could get so much out of his men as could Colonel Stotsenburg. The reason for this was self-evident. The Nebraska regiment had been fighting nearly continuously from the 4th of February to the 23d of April. At San Juan del Monte hill, during the long weeks when they protected the pumping-station and were constantly having small skirmishes with the insurgents, during the whole of the campaign up the railroad, Colonel Stotsenburg, at the head of his regiment, was to be found where the fighting was the hardest. Losses on the field, disease, and suffering cut the regiment in two, but the little band that remained swore by their colonel, and although their hearts were not in this war, not a grumbler raised his voice against the colonel. It was during the campaign along the railway that the duty of charging the enemy fell on Nebraska. They occupied the extreme right of the line, and as the enemy invariably moved off, before our advance, from our front to our right, Nebraska had hard fighting every day, even when the rest of General MacArthur's division found little resistance. It came to such a pass that the mere appearance of Colonel Stotsenburg was the signal for a charge.

When Colonel Stotsenburg crossed the field towards his men they rose from that ditch with a shout. For hours they had lain under the scorching sun, exposed more or less to the enemy's fire, without answering. Many wounded had already been taken back. There came their colonel. He would lead them to victory, as he had always done. Nebraska with a wild cheer started forward. They had gone some distance before General Hale realized what they were doing.

"Why," he exclaimed, "they are not coming back; they are going forward! Stop them!"

"I'll try," said Major Mulford; "but when they once get started they are hard to stop."

When the major reached the Nebraska line, however, it was so near the insurgent trenches that he realized the folly of bringing it back over that open field, and instead of delivering General Hale's order he joined in the charge.

Colonel Stotsenburg had to run to get up with his regiment. When he reached them the first enthusiasm of the charge had worn off. He shook them into form, and the little companies now went ahead by rushes—alternate companies kneeling to fire while the others ran forward. The insurgents made an effort to stop them. Every Mauser from the trenches emptied its contents across the open field. As the American line advanced the Utah guns had to stop firing. With good marksmen in those trenches, the position could not have been taken by infantry on a direct charge. Gradually the firing from the trenches grew less and less, showing that the insurgents were retreating, and at last the first American crossed the trenches. It was another victory for Nebraska, but dearly paid for. When the losses for the day were counted, it was found that seven were killed and forty-four wounded. Nearly all of this loss was from the troop of the Fourth Cavalry and the Nebraska regiment. Greatest loss of all, Colonel Stotsenburg was shot through the heart two hundred yards from the insurgent earth-works.

II.—MACARTHUR'S ADVANCE

April 30.

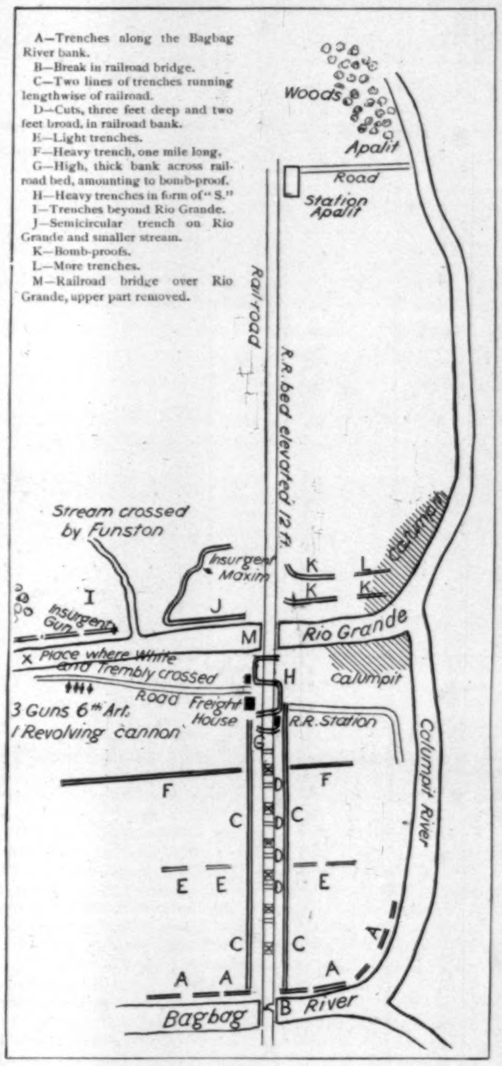
THE unexpected discovery of a strong force of the enemy at Quingua led General MacArthur to throw the whole of General Hale's brigade across the river to clear up by a rapid advance such forces of the insurgents as were stationed on that bank of the Quingua.

When General Hale started along the northeastern bank of the Quingua he did not know what resistance he was likely to meet with on his way to the Bagbag. He marched to Pulilan without encountering any serious resistance. At this town he rested until 2.30 in the afternoon, when he started once more down the river. At about five in the evening the advance-guard reported a large force of the enemy strongly intrenched at Logundi. Experience has taught that it is unnecessary to hold any forces in reserve when American troops charge insurgent trenches. For the enemy invariably run away when our soldiers come close to their line. General Hale deployed his whole brigade, Nebraska on the left nearest the river, South Dakota in the centre, and Iowa on the right. Two guns of the Sixth Artillery, under Lieutenant Fleming, did excellent work shelling the insurgent works. The insurgent earth-works ran across the road near the river. The advance was a rather flanking one from the right, which succeeded admirably. The insurgents seem to have stuck to their works with greater persistency than usual, for the trenches were filled with dead—one hundred and fifty in all. In one trench alone thirty-eight out of forty are said to have been killed. Many of these natives refused to surrender when their retreat was cut off, and took desperate, if not impossible, chances of escape. This was caused, no doubt, by the reports circulated by the native leaders that all American prisoners are tortured and ultimately shot. The Americans lost a few wounded, as usual, principally out of the Nebraska regiment. When the insurgents had retreated from Logundi, General Hale's brigade bivouacked there for the night, and on the morning of April 24 started forward towards the confluence of the Bagbag and Calumpit rivers, to co-operate with the advance of General Wheaton along the railway.

On April 25 the advance of the two brigades met. General Wheaton's line was as follows: Kansas on the left of the railroad, Montana on the right, and further east the Fourth Cavalry and the Utah Artillery in touch with General Hale's brigade on the northeast bank of the Quingua River. Along the railroad two armored cars with Gatlings, Hotchkiss, and 6-pounders were shoved a little in advance of the firing-line.

The insurgents had built field-works along the northern bank of the Bagbag and Calumpit rivers. They had cut one of the spans in the railroad bridge, and had torn up about two hundred yards of track south of the bridge. The river Bagbag was about one hundred yards across, and the Calumpit was perhaps not quite so wide. Certainly the enemy's position was a strong one, but they had not counted on the armored cars. It was the first time we had used them in the advance, and no doubt they were a surprise to the insurgents.

The two cars were shoved forward by Chinese coolies, who seemed to throw great enthusiasm into their work. At a range of 1300 yards the guns on the cars opened fire on the whole line of insurgent trenches across the river. This cannonade, lasting for twenty-five minutes, was only answered by a desultory fire from the enemy. Major Young, with his guns on the right, also joined in shelling the enemy. The explosions of the guns and the rattling of the plates on the armored cars produced a thundering uproar. The insurgents evidently held their fire, for as soon as General Hale advanced over the open fields towards the river's edge all along the insurgent line of trenches in his front a strong and heavy rifle-fire opened. The three



OPERATIONS IN THE VICINITY OF THE RIO GRANDE.

regiments, however, advanced steadily by rushes until they reached the banks of the river where the Calumpit and Bagbag meet. Here they lay under what cover they could find, not over one hundred yards from the insurgent trenches. Then the problem came, how to get across the river. On the insurgent right, opposite Wheaton's brigade, their fire was not so severe, partly because they had been driven off by the fire of the armored cars, partly because a strong force had been drawn to their left to meet General Hale's advance. At this point the American artillery came into play and quickly settled matters. The insurgents deserted their position, and the first Americans began to wade across the river. That night reconnoitring parties were sent out in the direction of Calumpit.

III.—HEROISM AT THE CROSSING OF THE RIO GRANDE

May 6.

ON the afternoon of the 25th of April General Hale's brigade did not enter Calumpit, but contented themselves with driving back out of the strong trenches between the Bagbag and Rio Grande rivers the few insurgents that still remained. The ties and rails had been removed from the two bridges and from the bed of the railroad between the two rivers. The bank of the railroad was cut at regular intervals by ditches three feet deep. All the trenches were as high as a man's head and thick enough to stop any bullets. The bomb-proofs were excellently constructed. One of these trenches was a mile long. It is remarkable that the insurgents made no stand to amount to anything until the American forces reached the Rio Grande.

The army spent the night of the 25th on the banks of the Bagbag. Next morning Colonel Funston, in command of the Kansas and Montana regiments, was ordered off towards the Rio Grande. The troops moved up into some insurgent trenches about six hundred yards from the river's edge. The outposts were put forward into the freight-building, about one hundred yards from the railroad bridge over the Rio Grande; and Lieutenant Fleming, with two guns, was stationed six hundred yards down the river from the bridge, on a road along the river-bank, where a high mound with some logs afforded ample protection. The insurgents were intrenched, as shown on the chart, on the northern side of the river.

The crossing of the Rio Grande and the taking of the strong insurgent position on the other bank was not, like the actions of the previous days, due to the combined movement of more or less large bodies of men. It was due to the individual efforts of a few men. Strategy and tactics were not concerned. Generals and general officers had nothing to do with it. The colonel of the Kansas regiment planned it, and he and a handful of American soldiers executed it. Military writers will probably never mention the crossing of the Rio Grande except, perhaps, with mild protest that military rules were broken; that the risk was too great and the chances of success too slight. In the living history of men, however, Colonel Funston's crossing the Rio Grande will stand out as the most daring act of the war.

Colonel Funston's first idea was to take a few men by night across the lower girders of the railroad bridge. When they were once over, he thought that the infantry should support these few men with as rapid a fire as possible, while the men across the river should shout and shoot. In this way he thought that panic might be spread among the insurgents.

Colonel Funston proposed the plan to General Wheaton, and the latter recommended its adoption to General MacArthur, who readily gave his consent. After dark, Colonel Funston brought up two hundred Chinese coolies, and set them at work digging breastworks in front of the freight-house, less than one hundred yards from the southern end of the bridge. Here he intended to place two companies to cover, as far as possible, the advance over the bridge. He called for volunteers from his regiment to cross the bridge. He wanted fifteen men in all, and many more volunteered than he required. The colonel first sent Sergeant Furguson of the Kansas regiment to cross the bridge. Clouds covering the moon made it reasonably dark. The bridge was about eighty yards long. The rails, ties, and upper girders had been removed by the insurgents. This left the lower girders to walk on. The cross girders were about seven feet apart, and those running the length of the bridge about four feet apart. The iron uprights which originally held the upper girders were still standing, and these hindered Furguson's progress considerably. He started out in his underclothing, and slowly and cautiously crept from girder to girder. The distance between these was so great that he immediately realized that if he were wounded he would surely drop into the river. Slowly he approached the northern bank. At every girder he halted and listened. The dim, heavy mass of the insurgent trenches in front of him began to take shape. From one side of the river naturally no sound came, and on the other the insurgents were either asleep or were silently watchful in order to guard against any surprise. This latter surmise proved, later in the night, to be the true one. Had Furguson, during his journey across that bridge, made a false move so as to strike in the darkness any portion of the iron bridge, the reverberation would have been the signal for a general fusillade from the insurgent side. But Furguson made no mistakes. Colonel Funston knew his man when he picked him out.

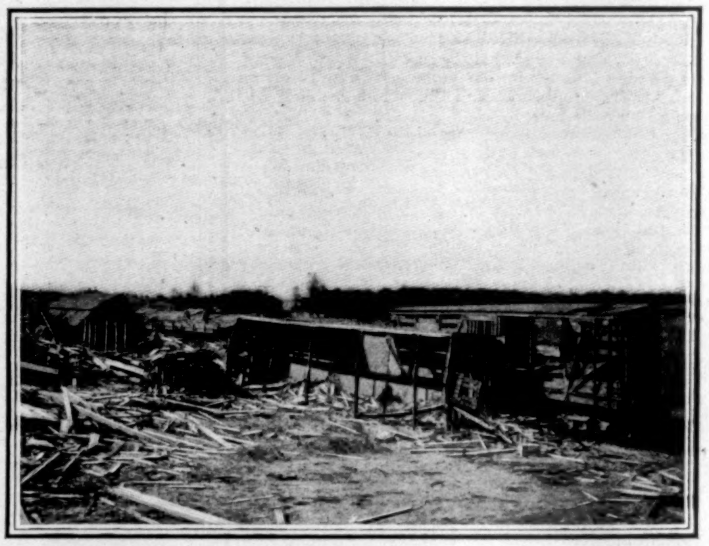
By-and-by Furguson got to within ten feet of the end of the bridge; then he stopped and waited. At first there was no sound; then he heard the tread of a sentry passing on his beat. The sentry was barefooted, and therefore got almost to the bridge before Furguson heard him. It may have been that the Filipino kicked a stone with his foot, or that the sense of hearing is abnormally acute under such conditions. At any rate, Furguson heard the insurgent sentry before the latter reached the end of the bridge. There the sentry hesitated a moment. Whether some noise aroused his suspicion, or whether it was part of his regular beat to go a little way out on the bridge, is not known. Whatever the reason was, the sentry advanced along the bridge on the girders towards where Furguson lay crouching low. The insurgent sentry came within a few feet of the American without seeing him, then turned about, and walking back to the insurgent trenches, continued on his beat. Hardly had the man disappeared when Furguson returned to the American side, persuaded that to cross the bridge and surprise the insurgents was impossible. He reported to Colonel Funston that men with rifles and ammunition would make such a noise crossing the iron girders that they would not have gone ten feet without being discovered. Disappointed but not discouraged, the colonel abandoned the bridge plan, and determined that very night to make an attempt at crossing the river on rafts.

This new plan was to follow the road down the river-bank some distance below the bridge, build rafts, and by means of these to get 120 men rapidly across. Each man was to carry two hundred rounds of ammunition. When they were all across they were to begin to fire as rapidly as possible, supported by volleys from the American side. From the eight companies of the Kansas regiment Colonel Funston picked his men. Then he sent to headquarters for a long rope, to be stretched across the river to act as a ferry rope for the rafts. The success of this plan again depended on the men getting across without being discovered. When everything was ready the expedition, led by Colonel Funston, started down the road towards the river. Along the way they tore down shacks and carried the pieces with them to make the rafts. The night was particularly still, and the tramp of the men along the road made some noise. To make matters worse, dogs in the shacks on the road-side began to bark and the fowls to cackle and crow. All this noise indicated to the insurgents that something unusual was afoot; for at eleven o'clock at night the American camp is normally very quiet. As the colonel came to the place where the road turns and runs along the river's edge, the clouds cleared and the moon shone out, making the scene as clear as day. All of a sudden, like thunder from a clear sky, came the report of an insurgent cannon. As if that were a signal, the whole line of insurgent trenches flashed with rifle-fire. It was a terrific fusillade, which lasted a few minutes. The Kansas men lay down behind what protection they could find, and waited for the shooting to stop. Soon the lull came. Still Colonel Funston

BAR OF PRINCIPAL SALOON UNINJURED IN THE WRECK.

THIRTY-TON STAND-PIPE CARRIED 600 FEET UP GRADE.

THE PLATEAU BANK—ONLY THE VAULT REMAINED INTACT.



FREIGHT-CARS TORN FROM TRACK AND CARRIED AWAY.

EFFECTS OF A DISASTROUS TORNADO WHICH STRUCK HERMAN, NEBRASKA, JUNE 13, KILLING OR MAIMING OVER FIFTY PEOPLE.

waited for the insurgent suspicions to subside, and again a second time the little insurgent cannon boomed, and the insurgent trenches from end to end roared with musketry fire. After that the colonel decided that there was no use to try to surprise the enemy that night. Rather crestfallen, the 120 Kansas men turned in at 1.30 in the morning.

Colonel Funston decided to try in the daylight what he had failed to do during the night. He took his 120 men down the river to the same spot he had chosen the night before. There three rafts were constructed, and when they were ready to be carried down to the river he picked out two men to take the end of the ferry rope across the river and hitch it to some stump. The two men picked out for this daring work came from Company B, Kansas, and bore the inappropriate names of White and Trembly. Never did Fate appear more blind than when she gave to such men these names. White and Trembly undressed and dashed unarmed over the river-bank into the water. The Kansas and Montana regiments, to keep the insurgents down, emptied their rifles until the barrels burned their fingers. The bank was fairly high on each side of the river, and the nearer the men got to the enemy's side the more the insurgents had to expose themselves in order to shoot at them. Still the water of the river about the Americans splashed with striking bullets. It was a swim for life. At last they reached the insurgents' side. The terrific fusillade from our side on the trenches immediately opposite the spot where the rafts were to cross had so disconcerted the insurgents that some of them in the trenches above White and Trembly were seen to be getting out. The rest did not dare to expose their bodies enough to shoot down at the two Americans, who went hunting about along the river's edge to find something to tie the end of the ferry rope to. They found no stump or other object over which to make a hitch. Before them, above, and to each side in the trenches were 3000 insurgents with rifles; back of them was the river; they had neither clothing nor arms. What did White and Trembly do? They saw sticking out of the insurgent trench above them a strong stump which might answer to fasten their rope to. They started up the river's bank with the end of the rope towards that stump. In the mean time Kansas kept up a blistering fire over the heads of their two companions. Up the sides of the insurgent trenches went the two men, and when they got near the top (mark the nerve of the men) they took mud balls and threw them over down into the trenches at the insurgents who remained. Most of the enemy had fled, but seven or eight remained, and when the mud balls came they fled too. They had never been attacked with mud balls before, and no doubt they thought they were a new kind of explosive.

While White and Trembly were tying the rope to the stump on the insurgent trenches, two Kansas men started across the river in a dugout to help them. These men carried their own rifles and ammunition, and those belonging to White and Trembly, besides the latter's clothing. In the middle of the stream they upset, and the rifles, ammunition, and clothes of White and Trembly went to the bottom. The two men, however, got over with their own rifles and ammunition. At that time there were on the northern bank of the Rio Grande, besides the 3000 insurgents, four Americans, two naked and unarmed, two armed and equipped. The latter two began firing. All this took place, of course, much more rapidly than one can tell it. As soon as the rope was up across the river Colonel Funston started across on a raft with eight men. After fifty men of the Kansas regiment had crossed in this way, Colonel Funston started out with them to enfilade the insurgent trenches. The trenches immediately in his front were empty, but the big rounding trenches over by the railroad bridge a strong force of insurgents still occupied. For these trenches, therefore, Colonel Funston started as soon as the fifty men had crossed the river. The men rushed along firing and shouting, so as to give the impression that a large number of Americans were already across the river and swarming up the northern bank. Certainly the fifty Kansas men made enough noise for two regiments, and their charge appeared to be having the desired effect; numbers of insurgents were seen leaving the big trenches. General Wheaton, seeing this from the other side of the river, started moving troops up close to the railroad bridge, ready to send them across the bridge as soon as Colonel Funston and his little band had enfiladed the insurgent trenches opposite the bridge and made it impossible for the insurgents to remain in them.

The movement was succeeding admirably when an unforeseen obstacle stopped the advance of Colonel Funston. He came to a little stream that ran into the Rio Grande between the spot where he had crossed the river and the big insurgent trenches at the railway bridge. The stream was not broad but it appeared deep, and the low banks afforded no protection. To have attempted to swim across with fifty men without any troops in support, and in the face of strong insurgent trenches, would have been the height of folly. Yet any delay at that moment might prove fatal. The success of the whole movement depended on keeping the insurgents on the run. If they were given time to rally, and to understand that only a few Americans were really across the river, Colonel Funston and his small force would undoubtedly have been cut to pieces before sufficient troops could be brought over to help him out. Of course the rafts were bringing across men all the time, but they were light and could carry only eight or ten men at a time. At that rate it would take all day to get two regiments across. How important the delay was appears from the fact that while Colonel Funston was looking about for some means of crossing the small stream three hundred insurgents appeared in trenches northwest on his left, and opened a heavy fire. At the same time the fire from the big insurgent trenches east became heavier. He was in a cross-fire. Surely the situation was critical in the extreme. A new and unexpected danger suddenly appeared. A sound caught the colonel's ear which made him start. He knew it well. It was the click, click, click of a machine-gun. Yes, the insurgents had a machine-gun trained in his direction. They were trying to find the small band of Americans with the stream of bullets. There it played in the dry field on the opposite side of the stream. The insurgents evidently did not understand the working of that gun very well. If they had played the stream from side to side instead of up and down, it is doubtful if a single American of that band would have escaped. There was no cover in the field, and nothing remained to do but to retreat to a grove of trees near the place where they had crossed the river. The Americans withdrew rapidly, followed by the wavering stream from the Maxim. Thanks to the bad management of that machine-gun, they got safely back to the grove of trees, there found protection, and waited for that Maxim to stop. It did stop almost immediately. Either the insurgents feared that it would be captured, and took it away, or the gun, under poor management, got out of order. At any rate the Maxim disappeared, and Colonel Funston, with Captain Orwig of Kansas, and seven men, went down to the small stream, found a boat, crossed in it, and rushed shouting into the big insurgent trenches. As he went into the trenches he saw the last insurgents getting away to the east side of the high railroad embankment by a culvert at the northern end of the rounding trench. At that same moment a body of men made up of Kansas and Montana started across on the girders of the railroad bridge to join him. There was shooting to and fro between the men crossing this bridge and insurgents in the bomb-proofs east of the high railway embankment. Gradually the firing ceased.

There was a lull. The insurgents fled along the road through Calumpit, northeast to Apalit. But one mile to our left a long line of soldiers was advancing. The men were in skirmishing order, and along their front, waving his sword, rode an officer. These were the forces from the town of Macabebe, coming down to re-enforce the insurgents on the Rio Grande. The Kansas men who had already crossed on the rafts and were waiting for orders in the grove of woods west of the little stream directed a rapid fire against this new enemy. The insurgents from their position could not see how many Americans were in the woods; they advanced very slowly, wavered, broke, and formed again. The mounted officer rode along the line rallying them, reforming them, and exhorting them to the charge, but before they got within half a mile of the American position all formation disappeared and the whole body retreated.

In the mean time the Kansas, Montana, and South Dakota regiments were shoved across the river. The troops moved up along the railroad track. They had not gone far when the whole retreating insurgent force began shooting from the woods about Apalit. It was a running fight of a mile and a half. A long train with two engines was waiting at the station; this drew out on the advance of our men. As usual, the insurgents gradually retreated and left the American forces in possession of Apalit.

AMATEUR SPORT

PROPHECY is uncertain venture, but it does seem as though the American-bred player is to have a good fighting chance for national golfing honors this year at Chicago.

Whigham appears to be out of it, Macdonald is certainly not invincible, and now that Douglas has demonstrated his liability to "crack" at critical moments, there is room at the top for one of our own men, if he can only keep his head. No disparagement of the fine game Douglas puts up, when at his best, is intended, and I am glad to bear witness to his invariable sportsmanship on the field. But an amateur champion who allows himself to be beaten by players of several classes below is not to be depended on. True, Douglas may be able to round into top form before the Onwentsia meeting, but the record of past weakness is bound to have its moral effect. His prestige has been badly injured, and that must count in the nerve-racking contest of tournament match play.

If Brooks could beat him, why should not Walter Smith? If Dwight could put out the amateur champion, such players as Harriman will meet him with the more confidence. And that is half the battle. On the actual merits of his game, stroke by stroke, Douglas ought still to win, but something more than mere skill is needed in the highest development of match play. A champion who has never met with defeat is pre-eminently a hard man to conquer; he has an actual advantage in the mere reputation of invincibility. And conversely a champion who has been beaten (no matter what the explanation) loses that moral advantage and is likely to be defeated again.

BROOKS, Travis, Watson, Dwight, and now we must add F. H. Bohlen's name to the list of native-bred players who have beaten the amateur golf champion at what is or should be his strong point—match play. Travis is, of course, well known; Bohlen belongs to the older group of players, and has never been ranked as absolutely first class; Brooks, Watson, and Dwight are youngsters, and were virtually unheard of up to this season.

The showing made by Douglas at the Baltimore meeting is calculated still further to perplex. On the opening day of stroke play Douglas returned a score of 165, beating all records, and leading Bohlen, the second man, by eight strokes. In the semi-finals he was put out by Bohlen, the latter being 1 up. In the handicap on the last day of the meeting Douglas (at scratch) was tied with Jenkins (a local player handicapped at 7) at 169. In the

WEAR (YALE)
At Bat.

WALLACE (YALE)
Taking a long, low Ball.

play-off Jenkins won without his handicap allowance. Jenkins, by-the-way, is a boy of nineteen.

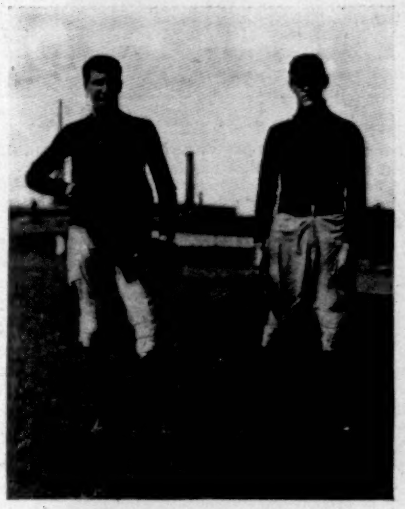
What are we to make of these remarkable in-and-out performances? After the Garden City and Lakewood meetings we were told that Douglas had not time to work into his game. After the Crescent tournament another apologist discovered that his clubs did not fit him, and now the explanation seems to be that the champion has been rushing his game and is temporarily "gone stale." But no one seems able to supply a reason for the curious fact that Douglas is doing the most brilliant work at the stroke game at the same time that he is falling down at match play. After breaking the record at the Crescent tournament he allowed himself to be beaten by a player who is decidedly in the second class, and two weeks later virtually the same thing happens at Baltimore. What does it mean?

A SALARIED employé of the Knollwood Golf Club, Paul, returned the best score made in the third annual competition on the Van Cortlandt public links, for the Morosini Cup. His eligibility was promptly questioned, and the question has been referred for settlement to the Executive Committee of the U. S. G. A.

There should be no doubt as to the nature of the committee's decision.

Furthermore, Paul's entry should never have been accepted. It is admitted he receives compensation for "services performed in an athletic organization," namely, the Knollwood Golf Club, and that absolutely bars him from participation in the Amateur championship meeting, and (constructively) from all other amateur meetings. It is a familiar mathematical axiom that the greater contains the lesser, and if a man is not qualified to compete for the Amateur championship, he is, *ipso facto*, excluded from all amateur events.

ONLY a single protest is necessary to raise the question, and, once raised, it can be decided in but one way. In private club competitions such objection might be waived by unanimous consent, but in an open competition the eligibility lines must be drawn with absolute and invariable strictness. And this applies with particular emphasis to such meetings as the public one at Van Cortlandt, which



Flavell (Catcher). Brown (Pitcher).
PENNSYLVANIA'S BATTERY.

is especially held for golfers who are not members of a recognized club. These public meetings abroad are followed with interest, and viewed as nurseries for the young and the promising. It should be the same here; and, indeed, if I am not mistaken, Walter Travis made his first appearance in a Van Cortlandt meeting. A. Z. Huntington is still another graduate of the public links.

Certainly this meeting should and must be kept clear from even the suspicion of professionalism.

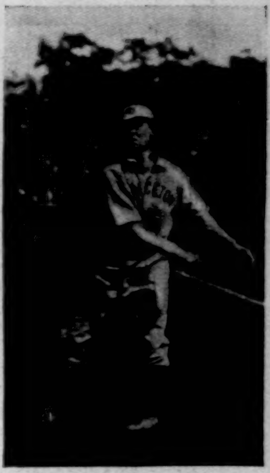
It has been charged and denied that Paul received money for playing in a series of home and home matches with Dobler, head caddie of the Fairfield County Club. The present question referred to the Association, however, is not one of professionalism, but of eligibility. Mr. Willets, the secretary of the Knollwood Club, is quoted as saying that the heavy wagers made upon the Paul-Dobler match were the private affairs of club members, and that Paul never received any money for playing and winning the series of matches. Accepting this as true, I may point out that amateurs are not accustomed to putting themselves in positions so equivocal.

CERTAIN it is that heavy bets were made upon the result, and Dobler the caddie is of course a professional. Paul's action in playing Dobler is sufficient evidence that he (Paul) is not an eligible party to an amateur competition. But let me point out again that all this is unnecessary accumulation of evidence, as his disqualification is entirely proper solely under a constructive reading of new section 10 of the by-laws of the U. S. G. A.

It was the Cup Committee's business to disqualify Paul at once. Had he considered himself unjustly treated he could appeal to the Executive Committee for a judgment upon the "individual merits of his case." The committee purposely included this provision in the framing of the section for the double purpose of protecting an innocent man from injustice and of preventing the creeping in (under technicalities) of the "exploiters."

IT will not be uninteresting at this time to have a glance at *Shamrock*, not yet launched, with which Sir Thomas Lipton has challenged for the *America's* Cup. Despite the many sensational stories that have appeared, William Fife, Jr., has made no startling innovations in designing the cup-challenger. *Shamrock*, so far as may be judged from the information obtainable, appears to be the natural development of *Isolde*, which for three years defeated all comers in the 65-foot-rating class, until beaten by *Santa*—launched last year from Fife's designs. Such speed-giving qualities as *Isolde* had were duplicated and emphasized in *Santa*, and it is fair to assume that in *Shamrock*, so far as difference in ruling will permit, we shall see the same lines perpetuated. She is said, too, to have many of the best features and to strongly resemble *Valkyrie III.*; and if Mr. Fife has indeed succeeded in combining in one boat the speed and stability of *Santa* and *Valkyrie III.*, we may be sure *Shamrock* will give us many an anxious moment before completion of the races in October.

DE SAULLES AT BAT.



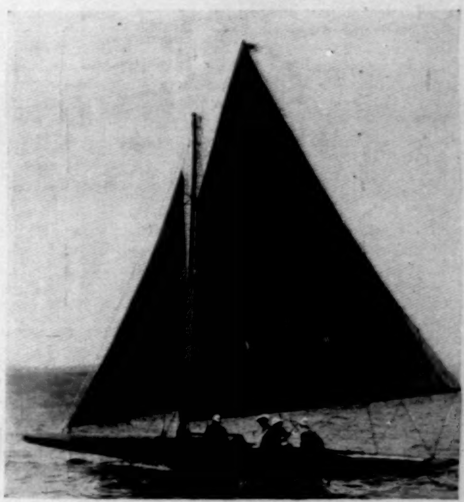
HILLEBRAND (PRIN.).
End of Delivery.

If reports from the other side may be credited, Fife appears not to have counted so heavily as Herreshoff on the efficacy of power and sail, the approximate dimensions of *Shamrock* approaching very closely those of *Columbia*, but the sail area, or driving force, being very much less.

COMPARED with *Valkyrie III.*, *Shamrock* looks rather fuller forward, and more rounded; the under-body is cut away quite as much, and the overhangs fore and aft lie so close to the water as to suggest increase of effective water-line length on slight heeling. She has the same low top sides as had *Valkyrie III.*, but the fuller round of the forward sections suggest greater power and ease.

Shamrock's lead keel is said to be a compromise between the long shallow casting used on *Santa* and the shorter thicker one fitted to *Valkyrie III.* It is reported to weigh about 90 tons, and to measure on its top line 86 feet in length. In designing the lead keel the principle of having the lead deeper at the forward end has been carried further than hitherto, but not so far as Herreshoff has carried it on *Columbia*. *Shamrock's* lead keel at the forward bottom corner shows a depth of 4 ft. 6 in., while at the after-end, where it makes into the stern-post, it measures only 2 ft. 2 in. The greatest thickness of the lead keel at its thickest top part, which is well forward of the midships section, is 25 inches, but in the round of the bulb the greatest thickness is 39 inches.

In dimensions *Shamrock* is 130 ft. 6 in. length over all, 89 ft. 6 in. water-line length, beam 24 ft., and draught 19 ft. 8 in. In sail plan *Shamrock* differs from *Valkyrie III.* in having a squarish mainsail, with therefore more canvas at the head and a shorter topmast. Her mast is 110 feet long over all, and the topmast 78 feet; her boom is 103 feet long, and her sail area is said to be about 10,000 square feet, which seems out of proportion to the reported length of her sticks, and quite insignificant compared with *Columbia's* proposed spread.



"DOMINION,"
Holder of Seawanhaka Cup. Recently defeated "Yankee."

"DOMINION" again demonstrated her clear title to championship honors among small racing-machines by winning three out of four races—June 12-15—from *Yankee*, on Lake St. Louis, near Montreal. *Dominion*, a freak of the catamaran type, was designed and is owned by G. H. Duggan, and successfully defended last year the International small-boat trophy, which Canada has now held for three years. St. Paul yachtsmen thought *Yankee* a faster boat than *Challenger*, designed by Crane, and defeated by *Dominion* in '98, therefore this special meeting was arranged between *Yankee* and *Dominion*.

The first day's race was a beat to windward, of two miles, and return three times; and *Dominion* showed superiority on all points of sailing, winning by 9 min. 58 sec.

The second race, over a four-mile triangular course, sailed three times, went to *Yankee*, owing to an accident to *Dominion*, which compelled her retirement before she had completed the first round.

The third race was over a two-mile beat to windward and return, sailed three times, and again the Canadian boat beat the Yankee, 2 min. 38 sec., making her greatest gains to windward.

The final race was over a triangular course, in a rainstorm and fitful breezes, that at times died out inshore; during one run *Yankee* was becalmed ten minutes. *Dominion* eventually won by 19 min. 52 sec., her great lead being obtained while *Yankee* was becalmed.

Yankee is a fast boat, and made occasional brilliant spurts, but she is too slow for *Dominion*.

Undoubtedly Mr. Duggan's familiarity with the racing-

NEW ENGLAND INTER-COLLEGIATE TRACK CHAMPIONSHIP.

Event. 1st place, 5 points; 2d place, 3 points; 3d place, 1 point.	Bowdoin.	Williams.	Amherst.	Brown.	Wesleyan.	Dartmouth.	M. I. T.	Trinity.	Univ. of Me.	Winner.	Performance.
100-yard dash	1	0	5	0	3	0	0	0	0	A. F. Curtenius.	10 2-5 s.
Half-mile run	0	5	1	0	0	3	0	0	0	J. Bray.	2 m. 4 1-5 "
120-yard hurdles	3	0	0	0	0	5	1	0	0	P. E. Edson.	17 "
440-yard run	5	1	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	D. F. Snow.	53 2-5 "
One-mile run	0	5	0	0	3	1	0	0	0	J. Bray.	4 " 46 2-5 "
Two-mile bicycle	0	1	3	0	0	0	5	0	0	R. Murray.	5 " 33 2-5 "
220-yard hurdles	5	3	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	R. S. Edwards.	26 1-5 "
220-yard dash	3	1	5	0	0	0	0	0	0	A. F. Curtenius.	22 3-5 " *
Two-mile run	0	5	1	0	0	3	0	0	0	J. Bray.	10 " 16 "
Pole vault	3	1	0	0	5	0	0	0	0	J. L. Hurlburt, Jr.	10 ft. 6 in.
16-lb.-shot put	3	0	0	5	0	0	0	0	1	J. Melandy.	38 " 10 1-2 " *
Running high jump	0	0	0	1⅓	1⅓	0	5	1⅓	0	F. K. Baxter.	5 " 7 1-2 "
16-lb.-hammer throw	0	0	0	3	0	1	0	5	0	F. C. Ingalls.	126 " 1-2 " *
Running broad jump	0	0	0	6	3	0	0	0	0	C. Brown.	21 " 4 "
Discus throw	0	0	1	3	0	0	0	0	5	A. S. Grover.	108 " 1-2 " *
Total	23	22	19	18⅓	15⅓	14	11	6⅓	6		* N. E. I. A. A. record.

waters and his very skilful handling of the Canadian boat largely influenced the result; but at the same time *Dominion's* consistently fast work on this and other occasions and on all points of sailing proves that she is an undeniably fast boat, and champion freak of freaks.

RESUMPTION of football relations between Annapolis and West Point is a gratifying conclusion of the sportsmanly endeavors of Dr. J. William White to bring the two together, and also evidence that the two government academies are not unmindful of the example set by the leading American universities.

That football, with its peculiarly valuable training for men destined to lead and command, should have been tabooed at the two academies for these last three or four years was quite in keeping with the policy that armed volunteers with an out-of-date rifle and black powder, and sent pork to our army in the tropics.

It is comforting to observe some rays of modern light, even though they first fall across the play-ground.

The game promises to be an ideal exhibition of sport for sport's sake. A supervisory committee, consisting of Admiral McNair, Colonel Mills, and Dr. White, will have charge of the arrangements, and admission to Franklin Field (Philadelphia), the appointed field of play, will be secured by invitation only.

Franklin Field is a wise choice, because it offers as good facilities as may be found in America, and enables the cadets from each academy to witness the game and return home within the day.

CLOSEST and most exciting of finishes yet developed by a meet of the New England Inter-collegiate Association was that for the track championship of '99.

Bowdoin's unexpected win was the sensation of the meeting, the final deciding points being secured in the pole vault. Technology was supposed to be very strong, but could get only eleven points, while Dartmouth, which has won the championship for the last three years, had difficulty in getting sixth place.

The performances were rather poor, owing, no doubt, to heavy rains and slow track; nevertheless, Curtenius equalled the 220 flat record, Melandy beat the old shot record four inches, Ingalls made new hammer figures, and Grover added 4 ft. ½ in. to the old discus mark.

Bowdoin's success was well earned, for the college has been steadily improving year by year.

In the first track meet of the newly organized New England Tri-collegiate Association, held at Amherst June 3, Williams won with 64 points, Amherst 38, and Wesleyan 35. Curtenius (Amherst) distinguished himself by establishing new records among the smaller New England colleges for both sprints—10½ sec. for the 100 yards, and 22½ sec. for the 220 yards—while Potter (the Williams all-round champion) negotiated the high-hurdle in record time—16 sec.

IN baseball among the smaller New England colleges, Williams thus far has shown the best work. Dartmouth has twice beaten Brown; and Williams, on June 9 and 10, administered two crushing defeats (15–4 and 14–2) to Dartmouth, though both teams committed too many errors to raise the play out of the second class. Williams, nevertheless, was strong at the bat and on the bases. Her season's record suggests indubitable strength, and, in a measure, explains how she defeated Harvard (6–4) in May with Fitz in the box, besides winning three games out of four from Wesleyan.

This places the members of the new triangular league thus: Williams first, with five games won and two lost; Wesleyan, four won, three lost; Amherst, one won, five lost. Two games remain to be played at this writing—one between Wesleyan and Amherst, and one between Amherst and Williams. The relative standing of the colleges is not likely, however, to be disturbed.

HARMONY at the track-athletic meet of the Western Inter-Collegiate Association was not disturbed, as usually, by any protests of importance, though the impossibility of judging the small institutions fairly in this matter on the same basis as the larger ones was undeniably demonstrated.

Yankton College, an unrepresented member of the Association, wrote the secretary informally that the University of South Dakota had been expelled from her State association on account of her team's participation in a fireman's tournament for money prizes. The Association has adopted the method of referring all such matters to the local boards of control for adjudication, and Secretary Jackson at once wrote the South Dakota faculty, from which source no satisfaction could be gotten, and the men were allowed to run under protest, though clearly they should have been disqualified, as should all amateurs who run in these fireman's tournaments for a purse, whether it be for "charity" or otherwise. Fortunately they were unplaced.

Again, it is reliably reported that Holland of Drake, who won the broad jump, is not at all a *bona fide* student, but, during the track season, an employé in the library at $100 a month. If there is to be fair and prompt legislative action, some new system must be devised to relieve the embarrassments of a method which is excellent so far as the larger institutions are concerned, but thoroughly inadequate in dealing with the smaller ones. Otherwise the smaller institutions must be dropped, and this at present seems the likelier outcome.

NOTRE DAME, in baseball, is not very far behind Michigan. Her schedule has not given her quite so thorough a test, but she gave the most decisive defeat of the season to Illinois the day after the latter had won from Michigan at Ann Arbor, and had no difficulty whatever in winning her first game from Chicago. Her pitcher, Gibson, has been one of the strongest features of the team, and is, indeed, one of the best men in that position in the West.

Wisconsin is almost discredited in baseball. She is a little worse this year than Northwestern. Since the World's Fair series of college games in 1893, she has been a very inconsiderable figure in baseball; track and crew work seems to absorb her best athletic energy in the spring term. She has been easily defeated twice by Chicago, and by Illinois, and for Beloit hardly furnished interesting play. Beloit has met neither Chicago nor Illinois, but is easily in their class.

Northwestern is the only Middle-Western team which shows marked improvement over its last year's form. Although lamentably weak at the 1st of May, the team has shown steady and rapid development, and has good prospects of finishing the season playing very nearly as good ball as Chicago, by whom it has been already thrice defeated.

CHICAGO has had a decidedly in-and-out career this season, from first to last. She took a game handsomely from Illinois after two defeats, and then lost another as ingloriously as did Harvard in the second game with Princeton, only to follow by beating the strong Beloit team, that had won one and lost one to Michigan.

Capture of the Pennsylvania series (9–3, 6–3, 1–7) was a genuine surprise, and had the third game not been played, Pennsylvania would have made no Western disclosure of her potential strength. Brown, who was freely batted in the first two games, regained his form in the third.

The week of Pennsylvania's visit to Chicago furnished the pleasantest incidents of the season's sport in the West, and a most refreshing contrast to the disappointments of the track championships a fortnight before. One would have thought, when Pennsylvania batted out a victory in the last game, that she was playing before a home crowd, so generous was the applause. It was a gratifying exhibition of sportsmanship, and, let us confess with a blush, it did seem foreign to the real business of college baseball as presently played.

It is singular, but human, that the same men, so zealous in sportmanly greeting to Pennsylvania, should have yet on their lips the bitterest denunciations of Michigan, a nearer and more logical rival, and one of really equal sportmanship. Michigan and Illinois have already been ranked above Chicago, and no adequate reason was furnished by the Pennsylvania series to alter the standing of Middle-Western college nines.

YEARS have passed since Harvard and Yale crews were so evenly matched as recent practice shows them to be in 1899, and the eight-oared race on Thursday (June 29) seems sure of being a hard, undecided struggle from start almost to the finish. Perhaps I am too sanguine in counting on the fullest development of qualities disclosed in the practice, yet I believe we shall see the most closely contested four miles the two universities have rowed on the Thames. Furthermore, if the conditions are favorable and the unforeseen does not happen, a new record is among the probabilities.

Especial interest, too, attaches to the meeting of the crews this year, for at each university effort to arouse a general boating spirit has been made, with happy results. At neither institution has there hitherto been so gratifying a showing of class and club crews, and though Yale's 'varsity was not directly bettered thereby, because of the veteran material left over from last year, Yale boating was distinctly benefited. Harvard's 'varsity, on the other hand, is the survival of the fittest after a spring season of considerable racing among a dozen or more class and club crews.

If the Harvard 'varsity had no other quality, it could at least lay claim to being representative of Harvard University; never has an eight left Cambridge that so literally represented the best of Harvard oarsmanship, and statement to the contrary is based either on unfamiliarity with Harvard's present rowing policy or on prejudice.

Then, too, the coaching personnel has changed in its responsible head at both universities; Harvard in E. C. Storrow, and Yale in Dr. Edson F. Gallaudet, have called to their boating aid two alumni who combine instructive skill with a sportsmanly attitude, and as a result the crews are both first class, and that professional spirit which formerly revealed itself in mystery and discourtesy has entirely disappeared. American university boating will always be indebted to Mr. Lehmann for the lessons he first administered in this direction on the Hudson.

Graduates of the last dozen years will open wide their eyes when I say that this year Harvard men have been taken out in the Yale coaching-launch and Yale men invited into the Harvard launch, to watch and even to time the crews of their respective rivals. It is a delightful change, and augurs much peace and prosperity for college sport.

NOT before has the outcome of the Harvard-Yale race been so difficult to foresee. And as if to emphasize the change that has come over the spirit of Harvard boating dreams, Yale is this year the uncertain quantity. Usually it has been Harvard. There is this difference, however: Uncertainty has hitherto been concerned with Harvard's ability to keep the race from becoming a procession; this year it concerns Yale's ability to win in record time. For if Yale wins, the time is likely, conditions being favorable, to very closely approach the record of 20 min. 10 sec., made by the Yale crew of 1888.

It is an unfamiliar experience to write of a Yale crew as an unknown quantity in a four-mile race, yet the explanation is simple. Yale has all this season had a powerful, smooth-rowing crew, but one that until two weeks ago lacked dash and drive. Obviously these qualities were essential to speed. So during the last two weeks Dr. Gallaudet and his assistant coaches, Cowles, Armstrong, Bolton, have devoted themselves to developing snap.

Therefore the crew was kept rowing only short distances, in order to make it row hard, and there is no question of the marked success in this direction.

ON any stretch up to two miles the Yale crew has acquired both dash and drive, and made very fast time. But at this writing it has not gone four miles at top speed, and the time returned for several four-mile rows is of no trustworthy significance, because the rowing was done to shake the men together for that distance, and not as trial of their speed.

Now the question of the moment is whether Yale can maintain to the end of the race the dash and drive and form which give her great speed up to two miles; if she can, the race is hers, for the power in the Yale boat is unusual and undoubted, and, joined with dash and unity of motion, certain to make a very fast crew. But no one —not even the coaches—knows the crew's capabilities; hence the uncertainty.

HARVARD has made time about equal to Yale's for a half and for two miles, while the four miles under favoring conditions have been rowed in 20 min. 50 sec., which is fast under any conditions. Thus we are certain that both are fast for two miles, and that Harvard is also fast for four. As it would be most exceptional for a Yale crew to lose form and speed in the last half of a race, and as this particular eight is one of the most powerful to have come from New Haven, it is safe, I think, to depend on Yale giving a good account of herself in the second two miles.

Comparing the crews, which average 171 lbs. each, it is apparent that Yale has more snap and power in her work, and Harvard the more skill and smoothness. Yale gets a harder catch and rips the oar through the water with more power, but, except for short stretches, when the lap reaches nine feet, the boat appears to travel no faster than Harvard's, which goes along steadier, propelled seemingly with less effort. Harvard, in fact, raises her stroke a couple of points with less exertion than Yale, though the usual working stroke of the two is practically the same.

DISCUSSION without a conclusion is pointless, and therefore, though aware of the narrowness of the argumentative ledge on which I stand, I confess, amid much perplexity, to a slight conviction favoring Harvard's chances on Thursday.

And I must add that it is more an impression gained from watching the crews than from any superior exploitation of the principles of eight-oared rowing observed in Harvard's boat. Indeed, I prefer the position of Yale's body on the catch, and it seems to me their method of holding the seats under them firmly until the power is put on the oar is conducive to stronger, speedier rowing than suggested by Harvard's prevalent custom of letting the slides get from under them before the power is on. I like, too, Yale's recover and the dash on the catch, and I do not like Harvard's rowing off their stretchers.

But the Harvard boat travels smoother, and, as I have said, with as much speed. It keeps an even keel and goes steadily forward. Yale's boat keeps an even keel also, but raises and settles with every stroke, which means that some of that great power is lifting the boat instead of sending it straight ahead. Now this is a small matter perhaps; but when you consider that one inch gained on a stroke means several boat lengths in four miles, it becomes evident that small matters count.

HIGGINSON'S being at stroke also largely influences me in favoring Harvard; he is a racer—alert, aggressive—and can run his stroke up without shortening it or breaking his crew; while Williams, the Yale stroke, is an enduring, tremendously strong pulling oar, I doubt if he has the nervous energy or drive of the Harvard captain, and the man in this seat counts heavily in a race. So does the man at No. 7, who furnishes the stroke for the other side of the boat. Neither No. 7 is this year ideal, but I prefer Harvard's. With the exception of Nos. 4 and 3, the remaining seats are better filled in Yale's boat than in Harvard's, and the thought of what Nos. 2 and 5 may do in the excitement of the race, in the way of rowing short, fills me with trepidation, considering my published preference. No. 2 pulls the weakest oar in either boat. The blade-work of the crews is about equal; Yale's a bit better, perhaps. Neither crew is absolutely together, though both are improving.

The crews are rowing—Harvard: stroke and captain, F. L. Higginson, Jr., 162 pounds; No. 7, C. M. Sheafe, Jr., 167; No. 6, H. Bancroft, 176; No. 5, J. Lawrence, Jr., 172; No. 4, N. W. Tilton, 176; No. 3, C. B. Wood, 174; No. 2, D. D. Evans, 157; bow, C. L. Harding, 163; coxswain, H. A. Wadleigh.

Yale: stroke, W. B. Williams, 157; No. 7, J. H. Niedecken, 170; No. 6, and captain, F. W. Allen, 180; No. 5, F. G. Brown, 188; No. 4, R. P. Flint, 168; No. 3, W. E. S. Griswold, 173; No. 2, H. P. Wickes, 168; bow, J. C. Greenleaf, 168; coxswain, J. McL. Walton.

Whichever crew wins, the present outlook indicates that each will do itself and university credit.

Harvard's Freshmen are said to be very fast, but the little I saw of them did not impress me so favorably as the showing made by the Yale Freshmen. Both are sturdy and strong, and a stirring race promises, as it does also in the fours, which seem to be somewhat in Harvard's favor.

CASPAR WHITNEY.

"A FAMILY CANOE TRIP."—By FLORENCE WATTERS SNEDEKER.—ILLUSTRATED.—32mo, CLOTH, 50 CENTS.—HARPER & BROTHERS

The Regulars

A SERGEANT in the First Cavalry was wounded twice at Santiago. When he became convalescent he visited in a Connecticut town, which had sent out many soldiers of its own thirty-seven years ago. A soldier never had a warmer welcome than he experienced there.

It was curious and pathetic to see how he received the attention lavished upon him. He was as awkward as a boy on visitors' day at a country school. He expressly disclaimed any merit on his own part. He had merely gone up the hill with the rest of the men, he said. No one could convince him that he was any sort of a hero.

That man was a type of his fellows. To do great deeds, to take them lightly, to have them pass unrewarded, generally unregarded, has been their experience. Those who know the regulars have felt no surprise, only a kind of deepened satisfaction, on hearing of El Caney and San Juan. From the time when Cornwallis gave up his sword at Yorktown the regular army has been the advance-guard of our civilization. It stood and was cut to pieces under St. Clair; it won under Wayne. In the horrible disgrace occasioned the American arms by the militia of 1812 the little regular army justified its existence. The militia hung back from Lewistown, and ran at Bladensburg, but the regulars fought four battles in one day at Queenstown, yielding only to overwhelming press of numbers. At Chrystlers Field they made a drawn battle of the desperate fight. At Plattsburg, under Wool, they stood their ground when the militia under Moers melted away like ice in the tropics. At Lundys Lane the honor of the victory is theirs, and here the Twenty-first and Twenty-fifth laid the foundation of their fame. At Talapoosa the Thirty-ninth more than replaced the Tennesseeans who had abandoned Jackson in his emergency. Again, at New Orleans, one thousand regulars served under Jackson, and were the backbone of his defence. The long, obscure contest with the Seminoles bore witness to their valor. When war broke out with Mexico, we won Buena Vista, Cerro Gordo, Molino del Rey, and Chapultepec with an army the best of whose officers and one-fourth of the men were of the regulars. Between then and the civil war the standing army was reduced to the strength, or rather weakness, of twelve thousand. In the civil war many of its officers went with their States, but the enlisted men held to their oath. At the first Bull Run the regulars kept their formation and their honor. At the second, they held the Henry House Hill until darkness shut down. "God bless them!" said Wesley Merritt; "they have saved the army!" At Gettysburg, under Dey and Burbank, they manœuvred "as on parade," under a fire that left half of them dead or wounded on the ground.

What the regular army has done and suffered during the next thirty years hardly a man east of the Mississippi has known or cared. But except for its achievements hardly a man west of the Mississippi would be safe from sunset to sunrise. Under Miles in Kansas and the Southwest, Terry, Custer, and Cook in the Dakotas, Howard and Canby in the Northwest, Crook again in Arizona and New Mexico, and under others to name whom would be to write volumes, it cleared that vast area of its pests. The names of its battles are scarcely even known to civilians. A wise and grateful Congress decreed that its officers should receive no promotion for service against the bravest, fiercest, most cunning and cruel savages in the world. Where the officer was forgotten the enlisted man could hope for little. The hardest, bitterest, most dangerous of campaigning went unrecognized. And yet the regular army did more than its duty. Carr, Stanley, Gibbon, McKenzie, and Merritt are a few of the many names in its bead-roll of honor. It had abundance of heroes, and thousands of them wore the undecorated blue blouse of the private. A few medals fell to the army, and of these more than one were granted to the American "Tommy Atkins." But there were many fights like that on the Washita in 1868, where Custer, asked to recommend for special notice those who had distinguished themselves, had to reply that where all had behaved so well it was impossible to fix on particular heroes.

It was one of Custer's scouts who declared that war with the Indians was a contest in starvation. Certainly the army had its share of starving. It lived on mule's meat in the Rocky Mountains, when the snow was four feet deep. With Reno and Benteen in 1876 the men were a day fighting without water, so that the hardtack they munched was ground into flour in their mouths, and in lieu of swallowing it they blew it from their lips. During Thornburgh's and Payne's fight, in 1879, the soldiers for six days got no water except what they drew from the creek by throwing from their rifle-pits canteens tied to lariats. To approach the creek was to die under the fire of the Indians. The regulars grew accustomed to do their work hungry, thirsty, sun-scorched, or half frozen. In the campaign against the Sioux, in 1876, Crook's men slept without fires when the thermometer was forty degrees below zero.

Sometimes the Indians cut off a small party, and its fate was horrible. The Custer massacre is remembered, but few recall the dreadful details of the Kidder massacre, the Thomas massacre, the Fort Kearny massacre. In the days when to fall into the hands of the Indians was to die by fire, every man who carried a message through the country of the hostiles had a fate worse than death behind and before him. Yet Forsyth, beleaguered on the Arickaree, Custer at Washita, Payne in Utah, and Reno in Montana found soldiers to take those dreadful chances.

What the army did and what it underwent during its hundred years of Indian warfare no historian can ever properly record. The Washita campaign of 1868, the Yellowstone expedition of 1873, the Modoc war of 1872–3, the Sioux war of 1876–80, the Nez-Perce campaign of 1877, the Oregon campaign of 1878, the relief of Thornburgh in 1879, the Southwestern war of 1883–5, are recent enough to be remembered. Nor shall we soon forget the misfortune and achievement of the Seventh Cavalry at Wounded Knee in 1890. Within the year of San Juan, too, the Third Infantry has added another to the long list of the deeds of the regulars by defeating, with a bare hundred, two hundred and fifty well-armed Pillagers.

Reduced by successive enactments—which Logan and Randall unwisely sustained, while the most sagacious men of both the great parties deplored them—from seventy-five thousand to fifty-four thousand in 1867, and then to twenty-six thousand, the army was scattered so far and thin that in many cities no soldier was ever seen from New-Years to Christmas. All this while it was getting experience and paying in blood. Miles and Merritt were keeping their hands in; Brooke and Chaffee were learning lessons and teaching them; Guy Henry improved his skill and got his facial scar.

Twice the regulars emerged from the obscurity that shut in their heroism upon the plains, and appeared in the cities on a business errand. Once was when, in 1877, Pittsburg was captured by a mob that defeated the militia, fired the depot, and destroyed cars, freight, and other property to the value of four millions. In twenty-four hours a battalion of regulars shot the rioters into submission. Little bodies of these excellent teachers of orderliness, spread along the railroads and stationed in the cities from Baltimore to San Francisco, said "No," to the train-wrecker and the incendiary.

Again, in 1894, a riot rose nearly to the dignity of a rebellion. A few troops, batteries, and battalions spared us the disgrace of seeing federal authority defied by a reckless politician leagued with a lawless conspirator, and the second city in the United States in the power of a mob.

There are people in the community to whom these deeds do not endear the regular army. Happily it has won its latest laurels against the common foe. Will the people show their sense of its excellence by forcing it to retain its feeble numbers? We have had so few troops that it took twelve months to subdue a handful of Modocs, two years to overcome the Apache Geronimo, and four years to settle the Sioux who had killed Custer.

Whatever happens, the regular army will always be found faithful, skilful, and brave, if its past history is augury of the future. Its spirit is the spirit that made the men of one of its regiments, stationed in Texas, refuse to desert their colors, although offered commissions in the Confederate service. That spirit animated Forsyth who, with a mixed command of fifty-one scouts and regulars, defeated over 1000 Indians on the Arickaree River. It led Huff, an enlisted man of Troop L, First Cavalry, to attack, with three companions, a body of Indians five times as numerous, defeating them and killing seventeen. It enabled Crook to attack and defeat the Apaches in a position so strong that the Mexicans had been beaten from it repeatedly.

A regular at Montauk, when asked whether he had had enough to eat at Santiago, said that sometimes the men had hardtack and sow belly, "and that was all right." Sometimes they got only hardtack, "and that was all right too." Sometimes they got nothing. But they had no complaint to make, because they knew their officers were doing the best they could for them. Another regular, an Eighth Infantry man, had a motto, "Never complain, never complain." And another, when asked if he had any fault to find, said: "You've come to the wrong place for complaints. We're regulars." Congress should, and will, increase and reorganize the army. But the people can do something for the private soldier, the "man with the gun." Treat him as the man he is, and honor the blue coat he wears. Kipling represents the English soldier as uttering a complaint that has an American application:

> "It's Tommy 'ere, and Tommy there, and chuck 'im out, the brute!
> But it's 'Saviour of 'is Country' when the guns begin to shoot."

The soldier will forego temporary adulation gladly if you will show him that you are not ashamed to speak to him because he lives under the discipline that made El Caney possible, and wears the blue livery of Uncle Sam.

James Wallace Broatch,
Late of Eighth Infantry.

Music Note

THE usual crush and rush of concerts and opera has drawn the musical English to London in throngs; but the effect of the programmes has been rather the old varieties than either novel works or fresh artistry. Mr. Robert Newman's "Festival" seems to have dismissed the Abbate Perosi and his little oratorios from the critical and secular minds.

The London Music Season. At Covent Garden, the repertory of opera by Mr. Grau has been much the same as at the Metropolitan in this city, with the announcement of "Messalina" as a possibility, with the original French cast of de Lara's work. Madame Bréval, M. Renaud, Madame Witt, Mr. Scheidemantel, and other Continental operatic singers, and Madame Gadski have been added to the strong array of principals who left New York in April. At St. James's Hall have been continuing Dr. Richter's orchestral concerts; and at Queen's Hall the vigorous, brilliant, and "temperamental" orchestra, under Mr. Henry T. Wood (a conductor that all Americans abroad should hear), have given sundry interesting evenings and matinées of Wagner, Tschaikovsky, and so on. Madame Carreño, Mr. Liebling—a pianist not yet a visitor to us; Dohnányi, the Hungarian player; Rachmaninor, the Russian and author of the now notable "Rachmaninor's Prelude," and Edward Risler, a French pianist of rising distinction with a large "tone-quality," are in the catalogue of the major incidents. Song concerts have flourished from Portland Place to Albert Hall. By-the-bye, Miss Clara Butt, that notable English singer in oratorio and concert, will come to New York as an importation by Mr. Vert, for an autumn tour this year. The provincial music festivals are now coming along, and there will be excellent orchestral concerts in Queen's Hall under Mr. Robert Newman's care all summer, conducted by Mr. Wood. Apropos of a conflict of rumors regarding a great pianistic star, it is questionable whether Mr. Paderewski's reported marriage to Miss Helen von Rosen will make any change in his work for the coming season, or, in fact, will alter his plans in any way. The matinée girl of New York may hope to-day, if she despair to-morrow.

E. I. S.

Advice to Mothers.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[Adv.]

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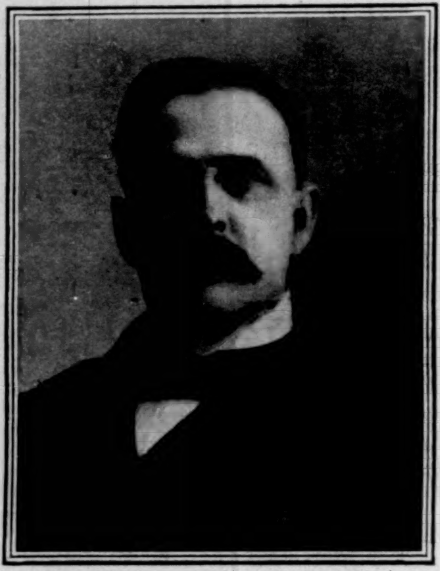

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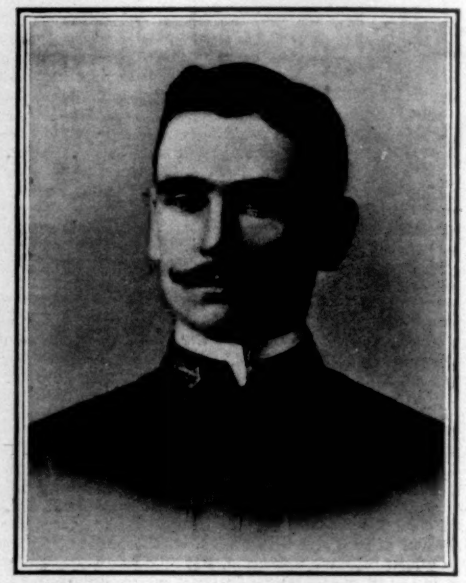


ENSIGN W. H. STANDLEY, U. S. N.
Recommended for Advancement for Bravery in making a Reconnaissance Ashore at Baler, where Lieut. Gillmore was Captured.

LONDON

June 10, 1899.

THE Bloemfontein conference between Sir Alfred Milner and President Kruger, as predicted in my last letter, has arrived at no result, owing to the Boer attempt to get rid of the suzerainty, and the conviction entertained by the Transvaal that England will never go to war on behalf of the mining millionaires. The great financial houses are not much concerned at the failure of the negotiations. The Kaffir kings anticipated that the conference would miscarry, as much had previously happened to irritate Boer susceptibilities, while Sir Alfred Milner's minimum demands were immeasurably more than President Kruger could grant. The abortive issue of the conference is unsatisfactory, but it marks a stage in the journey. Nothing now remains but to allow matters to drift for a few months, unless in the mean-time the long-talked-of acquisition of Delagoa Bay, supposed to be secretly arranged with Portugal with the consent of Germany, is made public. Mr. Balfour, whose approval of his uncle's pacific policy is recognized on all hands, has expressed, on behalf of the government, in language of studious moderation, his deep regret and disappointment at the failure of the negotiations. "We desire," he says, "no more than those elementary rights of civilization for our fellow-countrymen in the South-African republic which I am convinced the whole nation of South Africa, Dutch and English alike, thinks ought to be granted to them—rights which justice demands, which policy requires, and which, I should have thought, it was the first interest of the statesmen of the South-African republic to grant to those who live as peaceable, industrious, and wealth-begetting citizens within their borders."

PUBLIC opinion throughout the empire is the Cæsar to which her Majesty's government appeals. Feeling in South Africa is bitter and exasperated. Volcanic forces are in motion. A rash utterance, a riot in a drink-shop, an accidental collision between a Dutch *zarp* and a British or American colonist, might at any time blow the smouldering embers into a blaze. The point upon which the conference has broken down was the suggestion that England should submit to arbitration her claims on the Transvaal. To arbitrate on English suzerainty is equivalent to its renunciation. We now reap a fresh crop of the consequences of that phase of modern imperialism which found sinister expression in the Jameson raid, and is fed by covetousness, irrigated with whiskey, and maintained by an astute manipulation of popular emotions.

WHILE the government have troubles in South Africa, things are not going well with them at home. The Church question continues to disturb the political equilibrium, and the outlook for the Unionists is gloomy. Shortly before the last general election, in 1895, a dinner party was held at the house of a prominent Liberal, at which all the guests were members of Parliament. In the course of the evening each guest was invited to write down his notion of the result of the then impending appeal to the electorate. Forty different forecasts were the result, and they varied from twenty to thirty in favor of the late government, to forty or fifty in favor of their rivals. The host, however, recorded his opinion that Lord Salisbury would come in with a majority of 150. The actual result of the election was a plurality of 152 for the present ministry. The views of so successful a prophet in the domain of political meteorology at the present juncture are interesting. This gentleman expresses his confident opinion that at the next general election the present government will be ejected from office and their opponents placed in power by a majority of 120. It must not be forgotten, however, that in Scotland the English Church question is of no moment, and in Ireland the situation is not affected by it. The loss of seats, therefore, will take place almost exclusively in English constituencies.

MOVEMENTS of considerable importance are taking place in Irish politics. Mr. Healy has obtained a lucrative practice at the bar, and is understood to have succeeded in other ways in commercial enterprises with which he is associated. It is not expected that Mr. Timothy Healy will come back to Parliament after the next general election. Everything points to a union of the Nationalists under Mr. John Dillon, and it is possible that they will return to Parliament eighty-three strong and once more nominally united. In the probable event—notwithstanding the forecast referred to above—of neither side coming back to Parliament with a strong majority, imperial affairs will once more be held in the hollow of the hands of Irish politicians, a prospect which may sicken Englishmen into sanctioning any measure that will relieve them of the incubus of the Irish members at Westminster.

THAT the government is losing weight in the country, notwithstanding Lord Salisbury's great services to the cause of peace, is apparent from the debate which took place in the House of Commons last night, when Lord Charles Beresford, Sir Charles Dilke, and many others recounted the story of ministerial sins of omission and commission in the Far East. It was the first time that Lord Charles Beresford (who, by-the-way, will visit America on the occasion of the great yacht-race) had addressed the House of Commons on the subject of China. His book, although widely read by experts and statesmen, has not yet reached the people. Last night was the occasion for the first full-dress debate on the subject of China. It cannot be said that the government emerged from the ordeal scathless. After declaring, through the mouth of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, that they would go to war for the open door, they have accepted with placid optimism the action of Russia in slamming it in their faces. When Russia said to them, "What is mine is my own, and what is yours is also mine," Lord Salisbury had no answer to make, or, at all events, none has been made. It may be surmised, however, without much probability of error, that Lord Salisbury has suffered from the duplicity of Russia more than anybody. The acceptance by England of the "spheres of influence policy," which is now practically all that remains open to her, prevents ministers from protesting effectively against the action of other powers within the area of their spheres of influence. The extension of the Russian tariff to Manchuria is no longer a matter of doubt. Russia does not keep 120,000 men in her Eastern possessions for the fun of the thing. A prohibitive tariff is the natural sequence to monopolist railway concessions. American investors in Russian securities may take warning from the fate of British investors in the Amoor Steamship Navigation Company, which has spent $1,050,000 subscribed in London on the strength of a Russian state promise. The bondholders have never received a penny of interest on their capital. One of them writes to point out that when his Majesty, the present Tsar, visited Siberia as Heir Apparent, the company was ordered to prepare steamers and barges suitable for the conveyance of the imperial traveller and his suite. Not one penny has the company ever received in repayment of its extraordinary expenditure. The Tsesarevitch expressed some gracious words to the manager of the company. The Russian government simply repudiated its contract, and in spite of every effort and the intervention of the British Embassy, no redress is obtainable.

THE debate on China lasted nine hours. The House was half full, and no one who witnessed the scene would have imagined that the half-serious, half-humorous debate was on a matter of vital importance to the existence of the British Empire, and that it nearly concerned the position of the Anglo-Saxon race in Asia. To Americans the most important part of the debate was the declaration of the government made by Mr. Brodrick. "Although," he said, "we are not prepared to police the inland parts of China, we are prepared to patrol the Yangtse River in order to protect our trade." I understand that four gunboats are already laid down for this purpose, and that the construction of a considerable flotilla adapted for inland river navigation has been decided on. Mr. Brodrick further announced that ministers "would be forced to advise the Chinese government against any steps calculated to transfer the government at Peking to any other power." Having parted with Manchuria, surrendered the rights of English concessionaries for railway construction in that province, it is difficult to understand how the English government can carry out their promise to prevent Russia dominating the seat of government in China. Unless a radical change is made in the methods of obtaining recruits for the British army, there is no possibility of sending an expedition to China of more than 30,000 men—a number considered by experts quite insufficient to check the Russian advance. Russia refuses to join in a definition of the Yangtse Valley, and declines to undertake that no preferential railway rates shall be imposed on British trade. Lord Charles Beresford's speech was punctuated with cheers and laughter from a House which was both interested and amused, but there was no appreciation of the fact that mastery in Asia is slipping away from Anglo-Saxon hands and steadily gravitating towards the great Slav power, whose cousinship with the Mongol and practical knowledge of Orientals stand Russia in good stead in her policy of the break-up of China.

IN "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" Mr. Pinero introduced us to a lady whom nobody meets at luncheon; therefore, as she is "stolen fruit," we take a unique interest in her doings, and are glad to find that we can advocate "uses" for the play. But in "Wheels within Wheels," Mr. R. C. Carton's new play, he has run his head against a brick wall. For a certain time the new piece will draw good houses; it has been labelled "improper." But it is too true to life to hold the boards long. It shows us no flagrantly immoral women; there is no delicious spice of wickedness; after seeing it we cannot come home and thank God that we are not as others are. Mr. Carton has drawn society as it is, with its absence of big, forgivable sins, and all the mean, petty, "caddish," intrigues with which it abounds. His characters break exactly three commandments—the seventh, eighth, and ninth.

THE aim of every artist is to be realistic—but realism does not of necessity mean filth. The earth is real, but so is the sky. It is a better thing to point us to the stars than to wallow in the kennel. And none can paint those stars with truer brush than Mr. Carton. Why, then, does he, who gave us "Liberty Hall," come down to sketching mud? In weaving an interesting play out of a plot that is scarce a plot at all Mr. Carton has few equals. That was his method always. 'Tis only the thoughts that have changed. And, to quote from one of his characters, "It's my own head, and the brick wall is free to everybody." Mr. Daniel Frohman has already secured the American rights of "Wheels within Wheels," and will shortly set them running in the States.

ANOTHER play which is to cross the Atlantic is "A Little Ray of Sunshine." This is at present drawing crowded houses to the Royalty, where Mr. W. S. Penley reigns supreme. It will be taken to America by Mr. Wallace Erskine.

ARNOLD WHITE.

The Spreading Automobile

IT seems only yesterday that Horace said, observing his fellows,

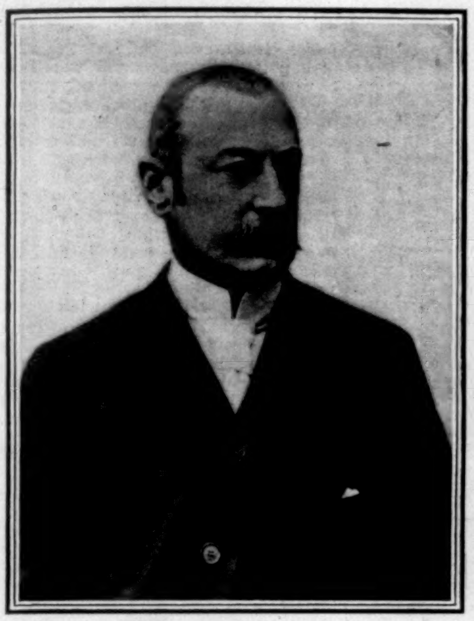
Navibus atque
Quadrigis petimus bene vivere:

We, observing, may say the same: "With yachts and four-in-hands we try to have fun." We play very much the same old games in very much the same old way, and surplus money diffuses itself in very much the same old channels nowadays when the Kaiser's name is "Bill" as it did when he responded to "Augustus."

There is constantly some variation in our toys, and occasionally there comes along a new idea that really lasts. The old sports hold out wonderfully. There are still sailing matches, boxing matches, and horse-races, and they are as useful as ever. But we have steam in our yachts, which the opulent Augustans did not have, and now we have the automobile.

We are used to it already as a vehicle for hire. We see it in great numbers in the streets of New York, carrying "fares" from place to place or delivering parcels from the great shops. We have air-motor street cars now. We are prepared for auto-trucks, and our forecasters have confidently prophesied the banishment of the horse from cities. But the use of the automobile for pleasure purposes has only just begun in this country. This season, for the first time, we have become familiar with the lighter types of self-propelling vehicles, guided on the streets by their owners or their owners' servants, and used for pleasure or private convenience. There is a new, expensive toy in the world, which is handy and amusing, and which the well-to-do will proceed to experiment with, while their less opulent brethren congratulate themselves in being able to go without it without inconvenience or serious regret.

One of the early results of the rise of the automobile as



PIERRE MARIE WALDECK-ROUSSEAU,
New Premier of France.

CAPTAIN ALFRED DREYFUS.
This Portrait is enlarged from a "Snap-shot" Photograph taken on the occasion of his unjust degradation, February 21, 1895.

COMMANDANT MARCHAND.
[See Page 636.]

a pleasure vehicle in America was a meeting of gentlemen at the Waldorf-Astoria on the evening of June 20 to form a temporary organization which is to become the New York Automobile Club. They gathered in sufficient numbers for their purpose, and appointed an organization committee, with Mr. George F. Chamberlain as its chairman. A permanent organization will be formed in September. Mr. Chamberlain spoke, after the meeting, of the probability that a suitable club-house would be secured, and that club runs would be arranged and prizes offered.

Already there have been some automobile races. There was a competition last year of machines that sped from New York to Irvington; there was a long experimental trip made the other day, in which an automobile ran pretty successfully from Cleveland to New York, and there has been abundant newspaper talk about a prospective match between American and French automobiles. But the sporting end of the new occupation is still in its infancy. In the course of another twelvemonth automobiles, both for industrial uses and for pleasure, will have multiplied very greatly, and we will see them put to all sorts of new uses, and constrained to furnish a variety of new sensations. We may count on presently seeing a line of automobile stages on Fifth Avenue, but if we may believe what we hear, that will only be the beginning of a lavish use of horseless vehicles as means of cheap transportation in New York. There is talk of running them across town at various places, of using them to connect the middle of the town with the landings of passenger-boats that are to ply up and down the rivers, and of filling the streets with them for the use of hurried persons who want to ride a short distance for five or ten cents.

And besides all these possibilities, it is still to be seen how far these machines, when they have been perfected, will supersede the private carriage drawn by horses.

At present automobiles are excluded from Central Park in New York, and from corresponding parks in most other cities. It is probable that they will find their way into all parks in time, especially as their use by private owners and for purposes of pleasure increases.

There is no sort of doubt that the automobiles have come to stay; but how prevalent they will become, and in what degree they will crowd out vehicles propelled by cruder means, cannot be foretold with much confidence. It depends very largely, no doubt, on how cheaply they can be made and run. The horse has never been very successfully cheapened. It takes time for him to grow up, he eats from infancy to old age, he is apt to be of inferior quality, and even when good he is very perishable. Human ingenuity has done much for the horse, but not enough. It has a much better chance to do itself credit by making the automobile the true friend and benefactor of man.

FUNERAL SERVICES OVER THE BODY OF AUGUSTIN DALY, AT ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, NEW YORK CITY, JUNE 19.
Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 637.]

Arts and Crafts

III.—THE ALTERED CONDITIONS OF PRODUCTION—A SUBSTITUTE FOR THE OLD APPRENTICE SYSTEM

WHOEVER uproots should also plant. The two previous papers attacked some of the pernicious theories which operate against the revival of beauty in the products of our crafts and industries. Allusion was made to the craze of the public to get everything cheap, irrespective of its quality, and to the low esteem into which designers have fallen, partly through the false methods they employ, and partly through the undue importance attached to other branches of art. In this and the following papers the attempt will be made to suggest how an improvement can be made.

There is no doubt whatever that the deterioration in beauty of our products is due to the use of machinery and so-called "improved methods" of producing them. But it is a foolish waste of time to rail at these. They have been productive of enormous blessings. The real question is, cannot the further blessing of beauty be added? Our old colonial furniture was so beautiful because an individual designed and executed every part of it, pondered over it, and felt a joy and pride in his personal craft. At his side was an apprentice, who learned what his master could teach him, and then, when he became himself a master-craftsman, added something from his own personality. Taste, knowledge, and enthusiasm were transmitted and grew. It was the same with the trade guilds of the Middle Ages; it is still the same in Japan to-day, where the pupil "sits in the gate of the master," and the favorite one is adopted into the master's family. The master's workshop is a one-story structure, with its wall-screens drawn back so as to show the garden, where much of the work is done, quietly and peacefully, among the flowers and blossoming shrubs, with heaven's blue above. No wonder their products are beautiful! They are the embodiment of beautiful methods of production.

Compare the modern Caucasian methods in a large city. From crowded tenements, in crowded street cars, men and women hurry to a factory building. The "buzzer" roars out its notice to begin work, the whir of the wheels commences, and the human units step into their places in the huge machine. The atmosphere may be fetid, the light insufficient, the noise unendurable until the ear is dulled to it, but the crowd works on, under the supervision of foremen, trying to make beautiful things. The "buzzer" sounds again. Every tool is dropped, the wheels cease whirring, and the human part of the machine charges itself with fuel. Then the buzzer again, and once more work! From buzzer to buzzer, year in, year out!

This revolution in the methods of production was followed by a revolution in the attitude of the artisans and craftsmen. There are plenty of humane masters, but machinery now does so much that skilled labor used to do; one man no longer produces a thing from start to finish, but devotes his life to one part only—it takes seven men to make one pin—so that the craftsman's life is a most precarious one. He is only as one little rivet in the machinery, and if the owner of the machine rejects him he is lost. So the trades unions were started. They were the inevitable corollary of the new order of methods. Originally a man's skill and knowledge were enough to protect him. Now that the scope for his skill and knowledge is reduced, he needs artificial forms of protection. The trades unions have tackled the question with brutal frankness. They say, in effect: "Since the element of personal skill and knowledge is practically eliminated, all the workers in each department of an industry must be put on the same footing and paid alike. Those workmen who would like to make more must sacrifice their ambition for the good of the mass. We are no longer individuals; we are a crowd."

These are the conditions which confront us. It would be futile to ignore them or to dream of removing them. But can they be modified? Is it possible, firstly, to get the public once more to appreciate artistic products; secondly, to assist the masters to procure better designs; and thirdly, to help the workman to recover some of that skill and knowledge which will restore to him the proved title of craftsman? Can anything be done to find a substitute for the old system of apprenticeship? If these things are possible, then surely it is a consummation devoutly to be wished for; and the fact that the promoters of the Arts and Crafts Movement are trying, in a sane and practical way, to bring it about, should enlist the interest of every one who wishes well for the industries of the country. The public's share in the undertaking will be discussed in a subsequent paper. In this one, attention will be fastened on an experiment directed towards the masters' and workmen's side of the matter. It is drawn from England, for the sole reason that this movement, headed by William Morris thirty years ago, has progressed farther there than anywhere else, and has been taken up there for the same reason that will commend it here—because it is aimed at improving the value of the products in the markets of the world.

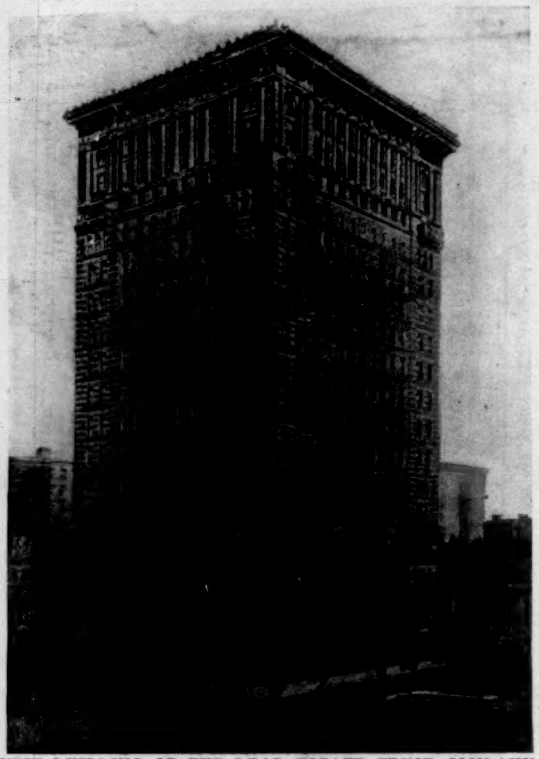
Birmingham is the metropolis of the Midlands. It corresponds very much to our Pittsburg. It is the centre of a vast ramification of important industries. If you leave the city by night, in any direction, you will find the railroad tracks illuminated for miles by the flare from countless blast-furnaces. It has no jealousies with other cities. It is self-centred, intensely imbued with civic pride, and practical to the backbone. It recognizes that its greatness depends upon its industries, and devotes its energies to improving them and the condition of the wealth-producers. Therefore, what Birmingham is doing towards applying art to her industries merits serious attention.

Twelve years ago an article appeared in the Birmingham *Daily Post* drawing attention to the inadequate accommodation of the local art school, which was supported by voluntary subscriptions. The very next day a citizen offered, on behalf of himself and his brother, a gift of $50,000 towards the provision of new buildings, on condition, first, that the property should belong to the town; second, that the town council should assume the maintenance and control of the school as soon as it was practicable to do so. Another citizen followed with the offer of a site worth $70,000; and another promised $50,000 towards the building. These offers the town council accepted. A clause was incorporated into what we should call the city charter, empowering the council to meet deficiencies in the receipts of the school out of the Free Libraries Rate, and the first municipal school of art was established in the United Kingdom. Its total capital value to-day is $284,000, of which the net capital cost to the corporation has been $99,000. The annual expense to the city is about $30,000.

"The main object of the school," the prospectus states, "is to make workmen better workmen"—that is to say, the workmen in the trades which admit of artistic development. The others are taught in the City's Technical School. And there is no waste of energy by attempting to do too much. The work of the school is concentrated upon the trades of Birmingham. Its influence is exerted first of all upon the children. Drawing is one of the subjects specified by government to be taught in all the primary schools. By amicable arrangement with the education authorities, the art school controls this study. Consequently when a child leaves the primary school it has nothing to unlearn, but proceeds at once to the higher course. For the purposes of the latter the city is divided into thirteen sections, each of which has a branch school. The classes are held on five evenings a week, from September to May, in certain of the primary schools, again by arrangement with the education authorities. There is thus a branch school within easy reach of every child, which he can attend in the evenings; for by this time he has left the primary school and has begun to work during the day as an artisan. The course of study is individual. The pupils are not all tarred with the same brush; their studies are modified so as to help them to apply their art knowledge to their respective trades. In these branch schools the fee for the whole session, per annum, is $1 25. According to the last report there are 2732 pupils attending these branch schools. Finally, at the top of the system is the Central School, in which the same studies are carried to a high point, and with additional facilities for the students to execute their designs in the various processes. The list of these processes covers the trades of the town. There are at present 1140 students, the majority of whom are artisans. The rest are made up of the sons of manufacturers, who will in time become masters, and of general pupils whom the city regards as prospective purchasers. The head of this system of instruction is an artist, who is assisted by ninety-eight teachers, seventy-two of whom are actually engaged in practical work during part of the day. The managing committee is made up of councillors and leading citizens, many of them manufacturers. The Lord Mayor is chairman, and attended every meeting last year.

Now as to results. Perhaps the most telling one is that, after an experiment of twelve years, Birmingham more than ever believes in the system, and is extending it. The reasons for belief, we may be sure, are not entirely sentimental ones. The artisans believe in it. Parents take their boys from the workshops that they may attend the Central School in the daytime, having discovered that the loss of a few years' wages is compensated by the increased pay they can earn when they go back. The foremen who have been at the school urge their workmen to attend; the masters do the same, and permit the school notices to be posted in their workshops, and some of them give yearly prizes.

The trade associations believe in it. Some are giving practical assistance. For example, the Midland Association of Flint-Glass Manufacturers annually offers prizes to glass-workers who are students; the class for house painters and decorators is supported by the trade organization; and the Birmingham Architectural Association is allied with the Central School. Most remarkable of all, however, is the co-operation rendered by the Birmingham Jewellers' and Silversmiths' Association. This is one of the most important branches of trade in the city. A few years ago the School of Art committee opened, in the heart of the jewelry district,



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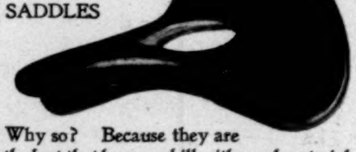

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a fourteenth branch school for students in the jewelry and kindred trades. This at present has 468 students, and is conducted under the supervision of the Jewellers' Association. Here the student who has learnt the principles of design in one of the other schools is able to execute his designs in the metal, under the tuition of men who are actually engaged in the trade.

Two examples of the practical result of this teaching may be quoted. A manufacturer received from London so many orders for an article of a certain trade number that he inquired who had designed it. He discovered that the designer was a young student, who had studied plant drawing and design at a branch school, and had adapted to his trade the knowledge thus acquired. Again, the wife of a Birmingham manufacturer, being in Paris and wishing to make her husband a present, went to a leading house and requested to be shown an article of particular excellence. Something was shown her, and she purchased it. When she presented it to her husband, and told him that it was the best thing of its kind for its price she could find in Paris, he smiled, and remarked, "It was made in my workshop." The point of this story is increased by the fact that Birmingham used to have a bad name for its jewelry. "Brummagem" (which is the dialect variation of Birmingham in the Midland Counties) used to be synonymous with "shoddy."

The municipal art system of Birmingham has been thus dwelt upon because it offers so many hints and encouragements. Birmingham is known throughout the world as a city that regulates its affairs on business principles. That she should have felt the need of doing something to further the artistic development of her industries is significant. The system that she has gradually built up commands the support of the people who are most interested in the industries—her artisans and masters—and has attracted the attention of the other cities of Great Britain, as well as of France, Germany, and Belgium. CHARLES H. CAFFIN.

Diary of the Revolt

Tuesday, June 13.—The announcement was made at Washington that the American army in the Philippines would be increased to 35,000 men, the additional troops to be drawn from the regular establishment. According to a ruling of the Comptroller of the Treasury, the President was authorized, by the reorganization law to maintain the regular army at a strength of 65,000, *not including recruits and the hospital corps*, and thus the total number of regulars might be 68,100. An important change in the War Department's policy was signalized in the order assigning eight companies from each of two regiments of colored soldiers, the Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth Infantry, to service in the Philippines. Decidedly a move in the right direction! It was evident that the enlistment of colored men from the Gulf States should follow.

Wednesday, June 14.—General Otis reported that Lawton's troops, under Wheaton and Ovenshine, occupied the country as far south as Bacoor; that they had scouted westward and southward, and that the enemy appeared to have retired on Imus, a town in the interior of Cavite province, abandoning the bay country.

Thursday, June 15.—Inhabitants of the island of Cebu having requested American protection in stronger force, a battalion and two guns were sent from Ilo Ilo.

South of Manila the American forces continued their advance, and garrisoned Imus, after the Filipino troops had withdrawn from that town.

Friday, June 16.—North of Manila a large force of natives, concentrated near San Fernando, attacked MacArthur's command. This demonstration was preceded by an attempt to cut off San Fernando from communication with Manila. The official report was: "Enemy quickly repulsed and driven, leaving over fifty dead on field and a large number wounded.... Our casualties, fourteen wounded.... This attack believed to be under personal direction of Aguinaldo."

Monday, June 19.—The transport *Sherman*, having on board General Bates, General Fred D. Grant, a large number of other officers, and 1800 enlisted men, arrived at Manila.

General Wheaton established his headquarters at Imus. It was reported that the Filipinos were concentrating at Perezdasmarinas, six miles farther towards the south. Wheaton accordingly sent a battalion south on reconnoissance; this battalion encountered a force two thousand strong, marching to attack Imus. Wheaton, with two guns and two battalions, hurried forward to re-enforce his men. After a determined resistance the enemy was repulsed, leaving over one hundred dead on the field. Our loss was five killed and twenty-three wounded.

Tuesday, June 20.—Rear-Admiral John C. Watson arrived at Manila, and raised his flag on the *Baltimore*.

General Wheaton occupied Perezdasmarinas after slight opposition. It was understood, however, that the retreat of the enemy did not imply disorganization; on the contrary, it seemed probable that the southern Tagalog army would choose a stronger position, and there make a stand.

Wednesday, June 21.—The American forces returned to Imus from Perezdasmarinas; the Filipinos were concentrating at San Francisco de Malabon. MARRION WILCOX.

Samoan Settlement

THE joint commission of the treaty powers exercising a protectorate over Samoa has just reported its general arrangements for the future good government of the islands. The main features of the plan which has apparently been agreed upon may be summed up in a few words. It is proposed to abolish the kingship, such as it was, and to substitute for it a governor, acting under the advice of a legislative council, consisting of three persons nominated by the three powers—one, it may be presumed, by each—and certain natives to be nominated, in some way which is not yet disclosed, by the natives.

The nominees are to be the heads of the departments of the government, and therefore, with the governor, an executive irremovable by the council, in which alone the natives will have any voice. It is proposed to abolish the present local government of Apia, with its president, and at the same time to dispense with the consular and diplomatic representatives of the three powers in the Samoan group. Instead of a presidency, Apia is to become an ordinary municipality, with its mayor and council, and the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court is to be increased, so as presumably to give it complete jurisdiction in all matters, civil and criminal, in the islands.

The result of the commissioners' deliberations is, no doubt, a compromise between three more or less conflicting opinions, and while it may be ingenious, it has the inevitable defect of all compromises. It may not be so faulty a scheme as might have been adopted by one or other commissioner if left to himself, but it is almost certain to turn out not nearly so good as the best that might have been devised by any one of the three.

It has the manifest defect of being a pretended scheme of self-government without the reality. Under its operation the treaty powers, instead of, as they have always professed, merely protecting a native government of the islanders by their own people, undertake to do all the governing for them. It is undoubtedly a foreign governor who is to be appointed by the powers; each department of the administration is to be controlled by a nominee of one or other of these foreign nations; and the share of the forty thousand Samoans in the business is to be that of sending a few chiefs to the council, and paying the taxes, which must be greatly increased to support the new order of things. The model of the new government would appear to have been found in Hawaii when it was taken possession of by a handful of enterprising white men in the name of civilization, with the distinction that the new government of Samoa is to be imposed from the outside, and enforced by three foreign nations, whose objects and ideas of government have never yet been the same. In effect the new scheme abolishes the joint protectorate of the islands, and substitutes a joint sovereignty of Samoa, in which the natives have no part.

It is hardly possible to avoid the question, where do the natives come in? Their part, as conceived by the commission, seems to be that of doing as they are told, and paying what is demanded; and all experience goes to show that the Samoans are by no means well adapted to the part. It has hitherto been found impossible to induce the tribes, always accustomed to independence, to obey a single central authority, even when it was created by themselves, and, if possible more hopeless to make them pay taxes for the support even of a king of their own choosing. It is not difficult to imagine how the attempts of the Supreme Court in its extended jurisdiction will be treated, or how the foreign tax-collector will be likely to succeed. Of course it goes without saying that the three powers can compel obedience in Samoa. By a prompt taking up of the white man's burden, and a masterful knocking down of the brown man's villages with shells and other instruments of civilization, the decrees of the court may be enforced, though the taxes may be hard to collect in that fashion; but the question must arise, what is our object, and why should we do it at all? This policy of governing people against their will is, fortunately, new to our people, and it is not yet too late for us to ask ourselves these questions. In the port of Apia, indeed, we have an interest, just as we have at Shanghai, but in the way in which the natives of the islands manage their own affairs outside the limits of Apia we have little or none. It would be no difficult task to formulate a plan by which we might provide for our real interests, if the treaty powers could only content themselves with protecting these, and allowing the Samoans to manage their own affairs, as they did with less bloodshed and far greater success before foreign nations began to quarrel among themselves as to who should civilize and eventually possess the Samoan group.

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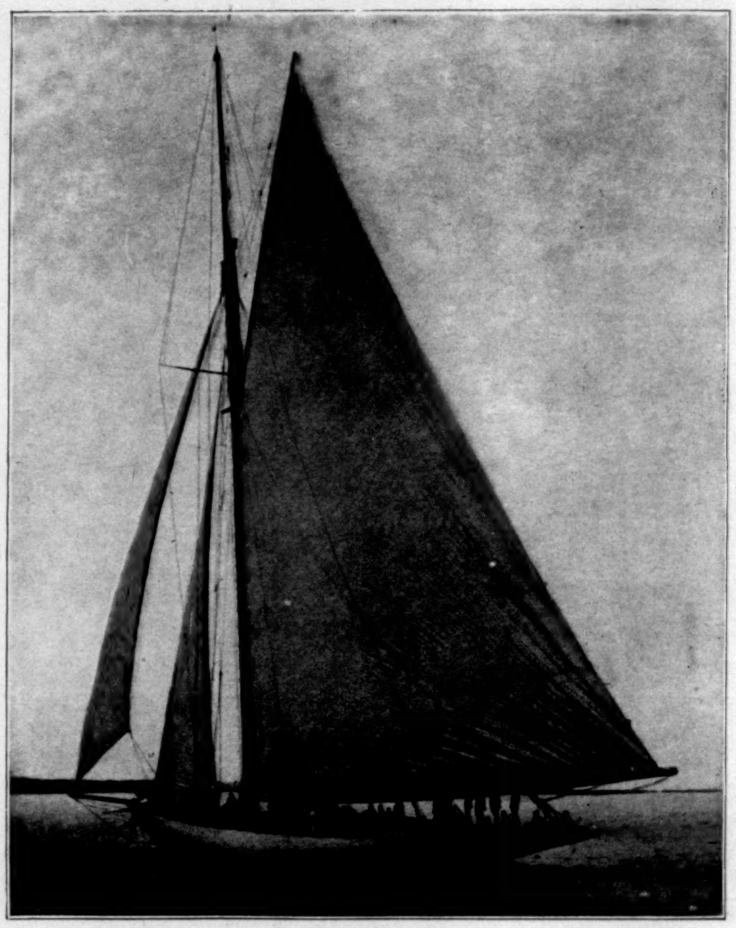

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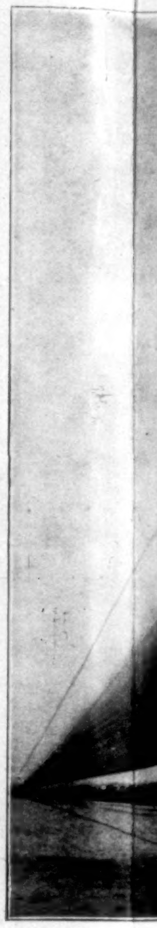

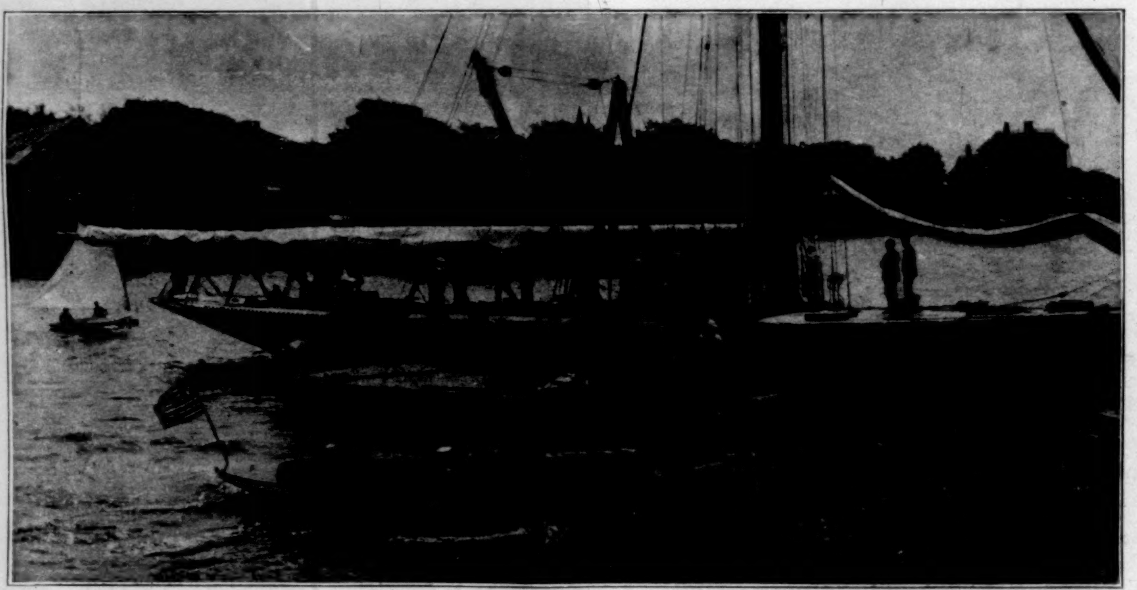

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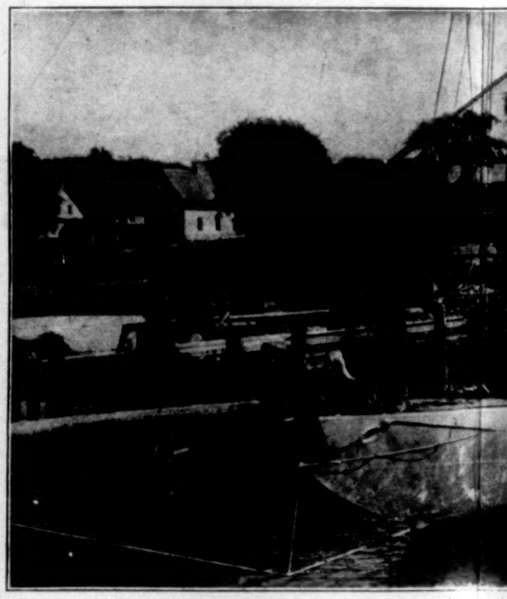

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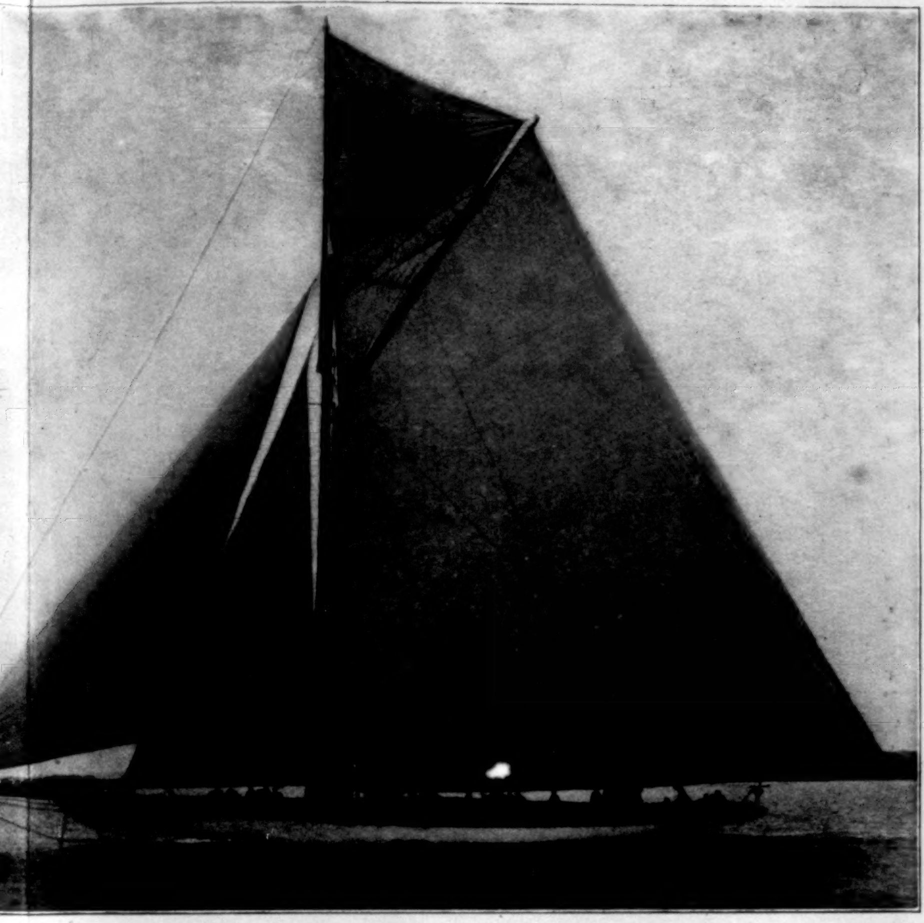

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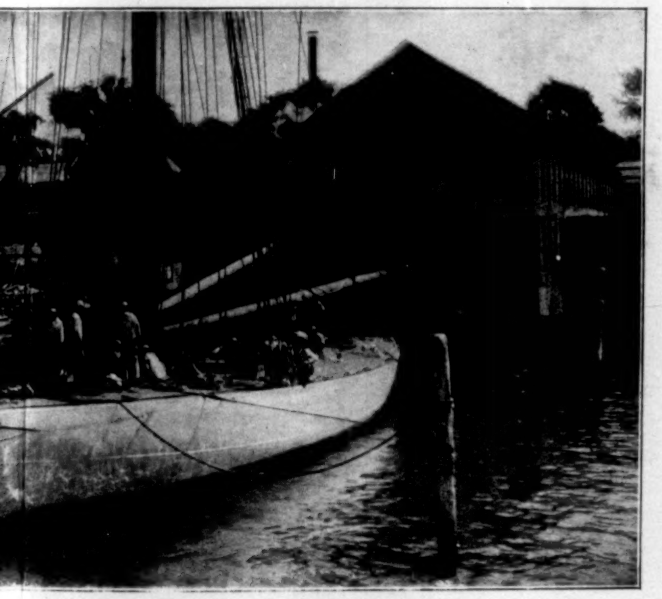

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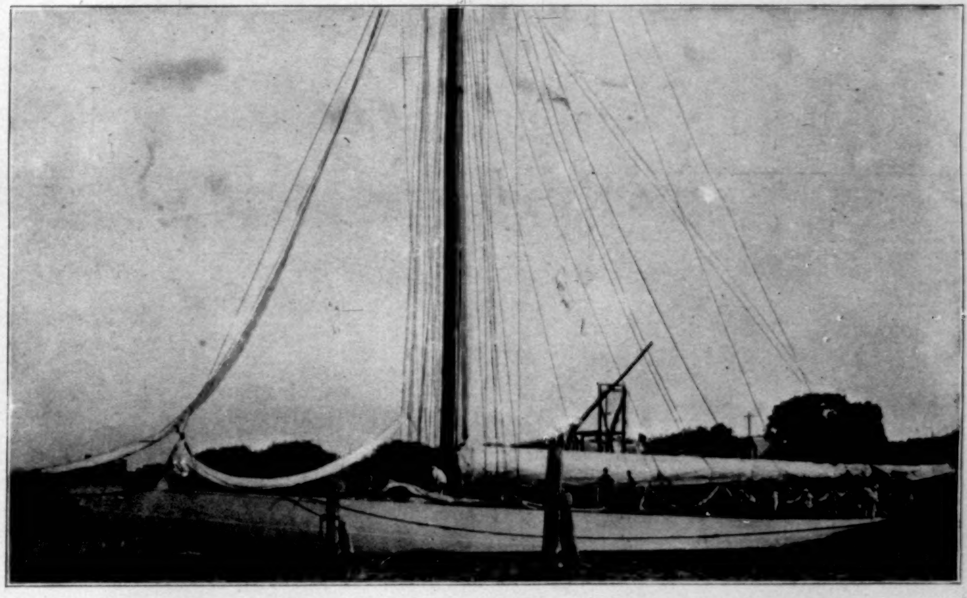

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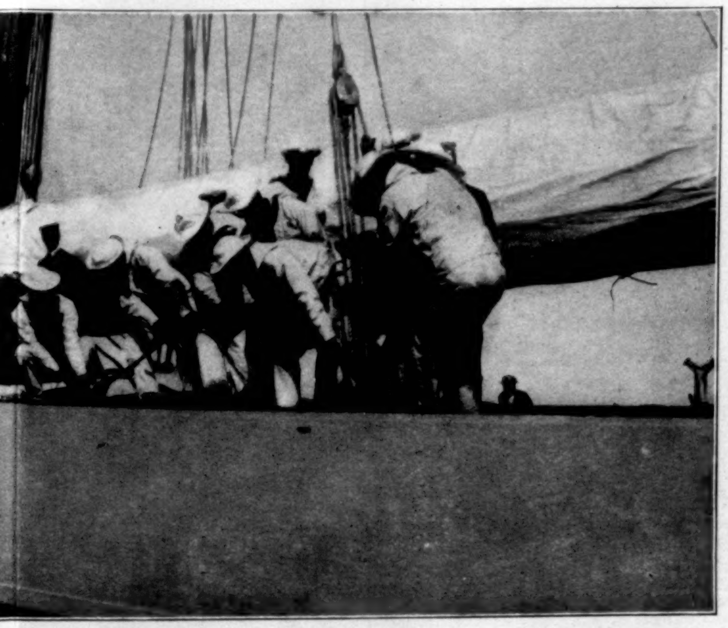

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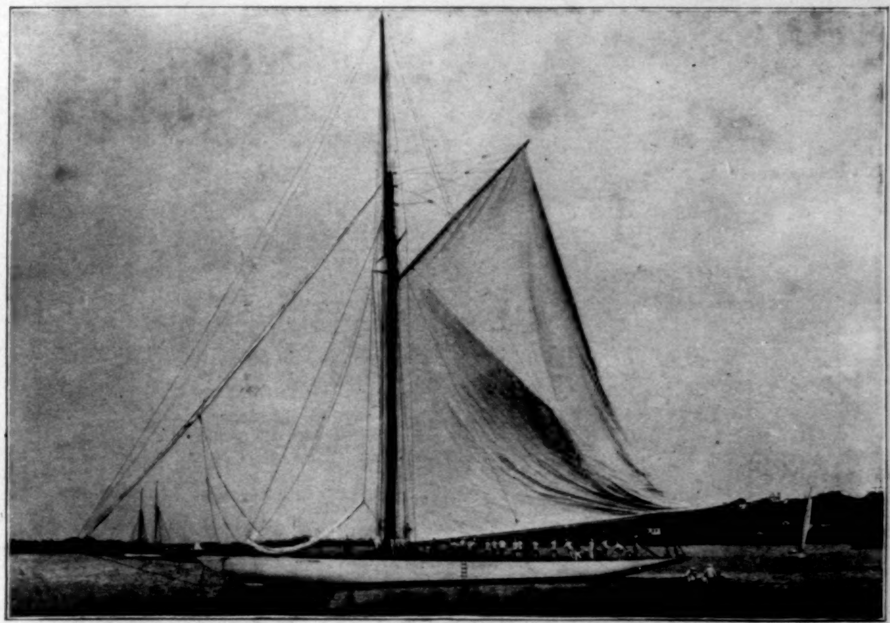

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